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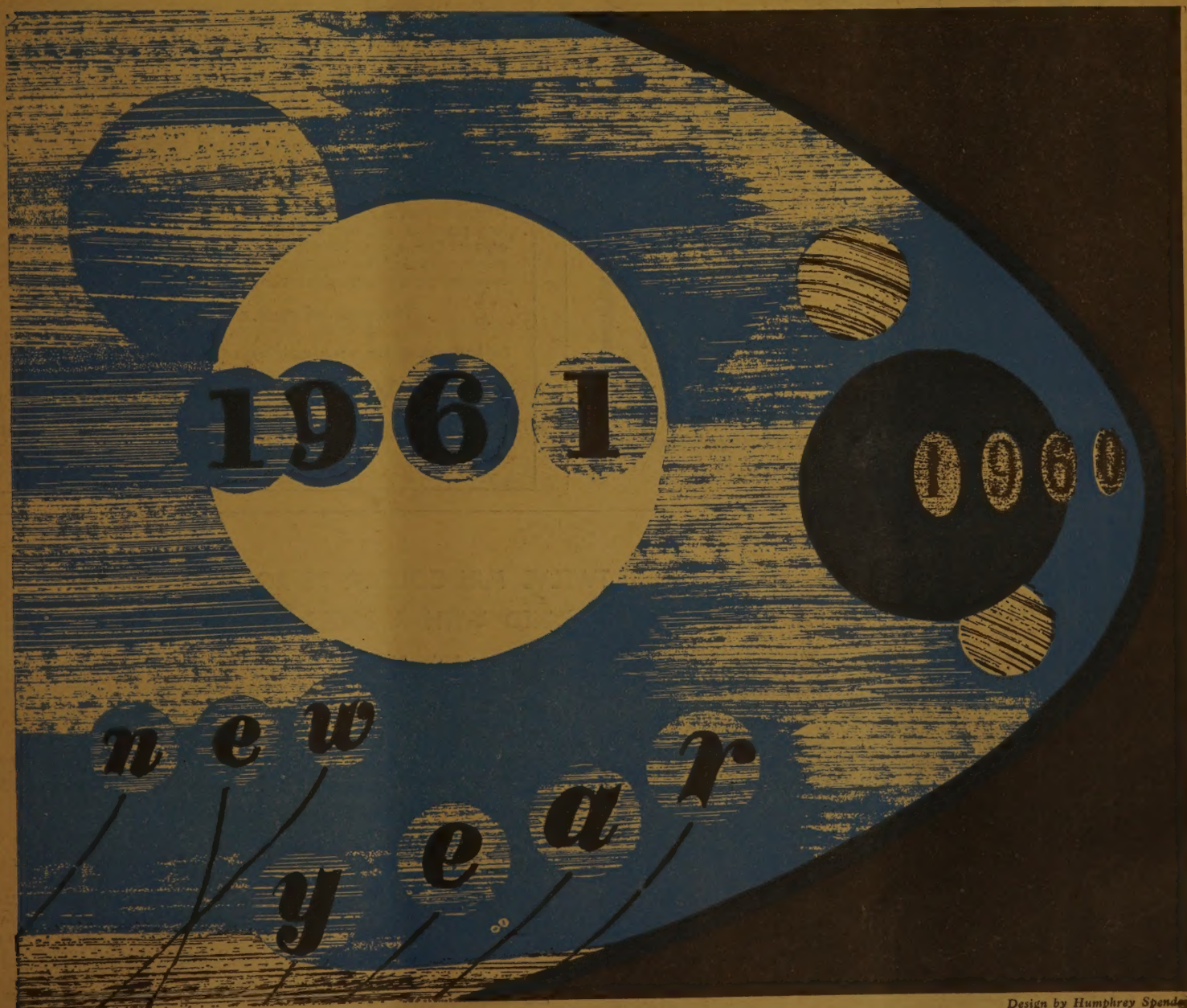
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THURSDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1960

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Our Two-Party System
By Maurice Shock

Liberty under Elizabeth I
By Joel Hurstfield

The Function of Literary Criticism
By Richard Hoggart

A Visit to Rumania
By V. S. Pritchett

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By Glyn Daniel

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Short story by Gerald Howson

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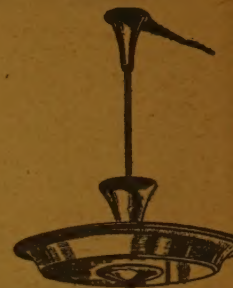
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Our Two-Party System of Government

By MAURICE SHOCK

WHEN W. S. Gilbert pointed out how nature always did contrive to divide boys and girls into Liberals and Conservatives he was posing the problem that Sir Ivor Jennings has set out to investigate in his *Party Politics*, the first volume of which, *Appeal to the People**, has recently appeared. This first volume is mainly concerned with the mechanics of elections. The two which are to come will deal with the composition of parties and the development of leading political ideas. As is to be expected from Sir Ivor Jennings, the book is extremely comprehensive in scope; it will immediately become the standard work, as have the complementary books, first published before the war, on *Parliament* and *Cabinet Government*. The whole design represents the most thorough and elaborate examination of the way in which our political system works that has ever been attempted.

The main concern of the book is with the working of the two-party system. A nation with a rich, vigorous political tradition and a complex social structure cannot be squeezed into two parties without strain. Why then should we attempt to do so? The answer lies within our system of government. Everyone knows that the seating in the House of Commons is arranged in such a way that there are no cross benches, and that this is an indication of the division of our system into Government and Opposition, two sides fighting for power on more or less equal terms. This is the heart of our method of government. It developed rather late—much later, for example, than the essential features of American government, from which it differs by making the crucial division

and struggle one between parties and not one between executive and legislature.

This struggle for power between two parties is the great game, and we still play it according to the rules of the late nineteenth century. It is this game which gives rise to what Sir Ivor calls the 'antics' of the politicians, the description of which forms so large a part of his book. The House of Commons now plays a diminishing part in these matters. Its Gladstonian pre-eminence has disappeared; it is now only one of the arenas of debate and conflict between the parties although it possesses uniquely important qualities. The main struggle for electoral success takes place before the country. A century and more ago, the main element in it was Old Corruption, but that has long since passed. Old Corruption was succeeded by all the apparatus of party in the late nineteenth century, the lavish organization, the monster public meeting, the torrent of words. Now the emphasis is on the presentation of party images by means of the mass media, newspapers, radio, and television, which give a surface gloss to a division between parties which is deeply rooted in our class system. It is here that the 'antics' of the politicians become important; they have been, for the past century, an essential part of our system of government. The parties, as Government and Opposition, are ranged against each other, and their moves often have an almost set-piece quality. When Bonar Law said to Asquith, 'I am afraid I shall have to show myself very vicious, Mr. Asquith, this session', he was expressing, perhaps in a slightly extreme form, what every opposition leader ought to feel in his heart.

All this finds its logical expression in our electoral system. The argument for the single ballot and the single-member constituency is that these devices give the elector a clear choice. Does he wish to continue with the 'Ins' or to replace them with the 'Outs'? He is told that to make any other choice is to waste his vote and that any consideration of the individual qualities of the candidate is beside the point, and both these things are clearly so if we accept the view of government on which the electoral system is based. This view, as we have seen, is that we have a separation, but that it is one of parties, not of powers. We do not balance the executive against the legislature but set one group of politicians to examine and criticize the activities of another group, offering as bait the glittering prize of office. If it is objected, as it sometimes is, that this is little removed from the primitive adage about setting thieves to catch thieves we can retort, fairly enough, that no one else has yet invented a better method of keeping politicians in check. But does the system, in fact, work in this way? Do we have a two-party system in which the two sides ruthlessly keep each other up to scratch in the competition for office?

The Speaker's Conference of 1917

There is to begin with the problem of the third party and the effect which its existence has upon the fortunes of the other two. In this connexion there can be no doubt that the rejection of the proposals put forward by the Speaker's Conference in 1917 was a decisive point in the development of British politics. The Conference recommended that proportional representation, by means of a single transferable vote, should be adopted in the conurbations, each constituency in such areas to return not less than three nor more than five members. It further recommended, by a majority, that the alternative vote should be adopted in single-member constituencies. If these proposals had been put into effect it is certain that we should now have a party system very different from our present one.

Speculation on this topic would be fascinating but, as Sir Ivor points out, essentially idle. We continued, after 1917, with an electoral system which was designed to return two parties, to act as government and opposition, paying little attention to the obvious fact that there were not two parties, but three, struggling for power. The general assumption was that the three-party episode would be a temporary phenomenon; the *status quo*, contrived by nature, would soon be re-established if in a slightly different guise. It has not been so, and Sir Ivor, I think, pays insufficient attention to the refusal of the middle party to die.

The origins of our three-party system lie in the foundation of the Labour Representation Committee in 1900. In the years before the first world war our electoral politics were dominated by an alliance between the Liberals and the Labour Party which, by contriving a careful allocation of constituencies between them, eliminated almost all split voting on the left. Since 1918, however, all three parties have operated largely independently; except in 1931, alliances, where they have existed, have been local and not national. The immediate consequences of the collapse of the pre-1914 left-wing alliance were dramatic in the extreme. One example must suffice. In 1910 the Conservatives won 47.5 per cent. of the vote, Liberals and Labour combined, 52.5 per cent.; the Liberal Government remained in office. At the 1924 election the Conservatives won 48.3 per cent. of the vote, Labour 33.0 per cent. and the Liberals 17.6 per cent., giving a total for Labour and the Liberals of 50.6 per cent. This result provided the Conservatives with a majority over the other two parties of 228 seats, a more sweeping victory than Labour's in 1945. I hasten to add that factors other than electoral ones have to be taken into account for a full explanation of this comparison but it gives some indication of the distortions which occur when there are three parties operating in an electoral system which is grounded in the assumption that there are only two.

Distortions Magnified

These distortions are much magnified when the third party exists in the ideological middle. Before 1914, when the Labour Party stood to the left of the Liberals, there could be no question of its throwing its weight on the side of the Conservatives. For

Liberals, in later years, there has been no such certainty. In fixing the relationship of the Liberal Party to other parties they have faced a dilemma. Is it a moderate radical party or a moderate conservative one?

The answer to this question has varied through time, and the reason for this inconstancy can, in part, be discovered by examining the effect which the electoral system has had upon the fortunes of the party. An election takes place in a concrete political situation and its main issues are almost always provided by the government of the day; it even, to some extent, sets the tone of what it is now fashionable to call the 'imagery' of the election. In striving to make a positive impact on the electorate and so maintain its independence, the Liberal Party has therefore been forced to base its electoral strategy on criticisms of the government in office. In 1929, for example, after five years of Baldwinian ascendancy, Lloyd George unleashed a massive radical campaign, heralded by the yellow and other coloured books. The almost complete collapse of the party after 1931 meant that electorally it was at sixes and sevens but, by 1950, it was throwing what weight it still possessed against the Attlee government. Now Mr. Grimond is striving to make the Liberal Party a radical one which will be a real alternative to Labour as the opposition. Such changes in the line of attack are inevitable in our political system for all our assumptions rest on the basis of a powerful government and of organized opposition to it. The third party, if it is to show life and vigour, must oppose the government; it languishes and dies if it goes to the country mainly concerned to defend the government on the main issues of the election.

Odd Consequences of a Vigorous Third Party

But this leads to some odd consequences. First, where the two large parties are very evenly matched the result of the election may be determined by the number of candidates the third party is able to put into the field. That the Conservatives lost in 1950 and won in 1951, for example, was due largely to the fact that the Liberals had only one third as many candidates in 1951 as in 1950. The vote against the Labour Government was therefore much more effectively concentrated at the 1951 election. Secondly, as one might have expected, the question of electoral alliances on the pattern of the pre-1914 understanding between Labour and the Liberals comes up from time to time. The proposals, however, differ with the circumstances. Around 1950 those whose main interest was the defeat of socialism were thinking in terms of a Liberal-Conservative coalition. Now, those who most anxiously desire to be rid of Mr. Macmillan are arguing in favour of an agreement of some kind between Liberals and Labour.

All this is largely due to the way in which the electoral system works. When three parties are operating in an electoral framework which is suited to only two, any combination of two is almost irresistible unless the political factors are extremely unpropitious. This, as we have seen, was so in the years before 1914 when Labour allied with the Liberals. But the question 'With whom should one ally?' is one that a middle party must decline to answer if it wishes to avoid absorption and to remain a party in the full sense of the word.

Unfortunately, the consequences of remaining independent are, electorally speaking, unhappy in the extreme. It is well known that one consequence is that the middle party will win comparatively few seats in the Commons even though it may achieve a respectable total vote in the country. Having as much as 10 per cent. of the total vote may provide no more than ten seats in the House. But this is not all. Such is the nature of our electoral system that when the third party throws its weight against the government (as it must) it paradoxically makes the government safer in power and more likely to be returned by the electorate. The reason for this is that, in a single-ballot, single-member system, the intervention of a third middle party will normally split the anti-government vote. This splitting of the vote is an almost inevitable consequence of the third party's desire to show that it is an effective and fighting party. This was so in the nineteen-twenties, it was so in 1950 and, if Mr. Grimond is successful, it will be so in the nineteen-sixties.

It is not possible to make lightning changes, and there are sometimes time lags, as in 1955 when the Liberals were still

mainly occupied in fighting a Labour Government that had disappeared five years before. But, in general, the harder the third party tries, putting up hundreds of candidates and mounting a powerful campaign, the more it is likely to achieve that end which it most desires to avoid, the return to office of the government. The weaker it is and the fewer candidates it nominates, the more concentrated is the opposition vote and the greater the likelihood of the government's defeat.

The health and strength of the middle party is, therefore, a matter of some consequence to the government. If the subventions from the Secret Service money which were used for election expenses until the eighteen-eighties were still available, governments could find no better use for them than to hand them over to the third party, on condition that it spent them on nominating the largest possible number of candidates. This is a comforting situation for governments, and it is hardly surprising that they have all given short shrift to proposals for electoral reform. An electoral system based on the single-member constituency and the existence of an effective third party give, in combination, an enormous advantage to the government.

The fact that the advantage appears to have gone much more to the Conservatives than to the parties of the left in this century, in itself poses another question about the larger movements of our political system. Sir Ivor speaks of the 'swing of the pendulum', but if one looks at our political history over the past seventy years one sees that the swing, with its suggestion of mechanical and rhythmical movement, is not one of its characteristics. In three-quarters of a century, roughly the period in which we have been a democracy, there have been only two periods of effective left-wing government. The Liberal party was in power in the years before

the first world war, Labour in the years after the second. Enfolded those years are long periods of Conservative or quasi-Conservative rule, often marked not so much by the strength of the government as by the weakness of the opposition. Indeed, the collapse or near-collapse of the left after its years of power, as happened twice with the Liberals after both Gladstone and Asquith, and is happening now with Labour, does itself raise, quite apart from the third-party problem, the question of how far we are justified in thinking in terms of a two-party system which stretches from horizon to horizon like a dual railway track.

Looking back over the past seventy years it seems to be much more the case that our political history has been marked by widely spaced periods of drastic reform, between which have lain many years of Conservative government when the emphasis has been on the competent administration of that which the left has created. But what happens to the left during those years? The evidence suggests that it is not so much interested in setting the pendulum to swing as completely absorbed by its own internal problems, especially in the years that follow its period of reforming office. The most important of these internal problems are concerned with policy, above all with finding the detailed answers to the general question: 'What is the left to do next?' Until it knows what it wants to do the left is not really interested in office.

It appears, therefore, that the swings of opinion which govern the party complexion of our government are much more subtle and elusive than is suggested by the analogy of the pendulum. This is the great mystery of British politics and it is much to be hoped that Sir Ivor Jennings will devote his considerable talents to its penetration in the two volumes that are to come.

—Third Programme

A Visit to Rumania

By V. S. PRITCHETT

I DID not intend to have a guide in Bucharest. In the end I had two. The difficulties of the language itself are not as severe as they are, say, in Bulgaria or Hungary, for Rumanian is a Latin tongue and to anyone who knows Spanish or Italian a certain amount seeps through. In any case large numbers of people speak French—I found, for example, French-speaking shoe-blacks. But a guide was waiting for me at the airport with a large car and a programme. I gave in. To have an official tourist guide for the first time in eastern Europe would be a curious experience. My first guide was a fair, patient, severe young man of twenty-six, more Slav than Italian, who was having stomach trouble. I will call him Oozoo.

In their moves to resume contact with the West, each of the satellites has its own methods. The Rumanians have decided to open a night club in Bucharest. 'Tell people to come here. We have good hotels, good main roads, good food and wonderful scenery. And, next year, we shall have a night club', Oozoo said.

'That's a good idea',

I said. 'The Poles, the Czechs, the Hungarians, even the Bulgarians, have night clubs'.

'Here, in Bucharest, no. But the policy has changed. We are going to have one. Just one', Oozoo said severely, in the manner of a person making discreet arrangements with sin on reformed lines, with guarantees.

It seemed only natural that this city should have been years ago the home of Dr. Voronoff and the

monkey gland and that notorious international seventy-year-olds should go there to have a grafting and renew their youth. Smooth, clever, sophisticated, masters in the art of assimilating foreign chic and culture, especially French, the Rumanians have made Europeans goggle at their intelligent pliancy.

The sky was soft blue, the air sweet and lazy, in Bucharest. At midday at the end of November, it was hot. The soft heat came in dusty lung-fulls out of the side streets and down the boulevards. One walked between trees with little chrysanthemums planted round each one. The vermilion trams, narrow



New housing in Bucharest

and German-looking, went fast down the Boulevard Balcescu where motor traffic is light. One has the impression here that one is on a film set, or in the middle of exhibition architecture that has not lasted. This may be because Bucharest was severely damaged during the war: but the fact is that many of the high blocks of flats and offices were put up in the racketeering period between the wars in the fever to be 'modern' too quick. It was a period of poor workmanship and gloss; now the plaster has dropped off the façades, yards at a time; shutters have jammed or rusted; there has not been a drop of paint put on for years.

The older buildings of Bucharest are in a much better state than those put up in this period; and the new buildings going up now look very good. I minded official architecture much less here than in any of the other Communist countries; the Rumanians have the Italian sense of style, show, and placing, and the Italian feeling for life on the surface.

The thing to do in the cafés at the time of the year when I was there was to drink 'Must', the new season's juice of the grape. You drink it out of a heavy painted glass and you eat perhaps one of those large peppers that look like hard tomatoes, and set the mouth on fire; or pickled cucumbers, sausage, or some savoury Greek mess done up in vine leaves. When the people in the north of Europe are shivering in late November, in Bucharest you can still sit out in the evenings and the only winter sign is the sight of hot doughnuts being ladled out of their tanks of syrup from stalls or windows in the street.

We went off to the older parts of the flat city. Five hundred years ago the city began round the inns attached to one or two Orthodox monasteries, and it has spread out, much like a traveller's encampment or a rich and crowded market ever since. It retains the air of a bazaar where rich and poor jostle along together; the steady middle-class appearance of Prague, a middle class disguised in proletarian clothes, is something clearly alien to Bucharest and, in consequence, the sights and contrasts of the street are more interesting. Not only that, the Rumanians exhibit themselves well. They have a sense of display. There was a fine historical exhibition going on which really did give a vivid notion of the city's growth stage by stage; the social-political side of it showed a far keener sense of history than I had expected. It was not unbearably tendentious.

It was the day of St. Demetrius, an important day for Bucharest and the Orthodox Church. We climbed the long hill from the flower market in the Piata to the great ugly church where the Patriarch would be chanting. Oozoo, who was going to join the Party next year, was torn in two by the feast. He was fervent for the local customs of his city; he was pleased to be able to boast that the Orthodox Church had never been a stumbling block to the Party and that it had never become involved obstructively in politics in the manner of the Roman Catholic Church. The Orthodox appears to be a less rigid confession. Its priests can marry; they can be divorced. It has been simple to deal with the Orthodox Church because it had lost most of its income from its once large estates in the land reforms before the war; and it was easy for Oozoo to admire the Patriarch because he works with the Party. And although the Party reorganized the Church, when it came to power, the new organization closely resembled the old. The Party had recognized that the huge peasant population of

Rumania is solidly pious and that they will be slow to budge from their beliefs.

And so it appeared, for from early morning to late at night an unending procession of thousands of people, mainly women, filed patiently up the hill to the basilica. The procession never stopped. The people looked typically middle-class. Each person carried a small bottle in which they would collect a year's supply of holy water at the fountain outside the church. Some were carrying pieces of paper on which a written request is made and presented to the priest.

Oozoo said: 'It may seem to you indelicate, but I have once or twice peeped over someone's shoulder to read what was written. One I read said: "Please see that So-and-so is struck dead; she has gone off with my husband". And quite a lot say outright "Get So-and-so out of the flat in such-and-such a street, so that I can have it"'.

Whether he really read this or not, I am sure that Rumanian wishes are drastic. The country is the home of fierce legends, especially, of course, the legend of the Vampire.

While we were talking, the superb voice of the Patriarch in the Greek chant came out of the microphone in the trees outside the church—a voice powerful, disturbing, sensual and full. It was a life-giving rather than a censorious nasal sound which I have always found tyrannous in the Roman rite. Oozoo said that the Patriarch was very popular and was known by the nickname of 'the too happy'. His earthly and assuring noise was followed by the wild, utterly Oriental tenor howl of the Deacon, who might have been howling in the desert or screaming in a saeta in Seville.

The two voices played upon each other and their spell was wonderful. And while they chanted the mile-long procession slowly crept into the church, and those who came out went round to kiss the walls. It was a hot morning and this is a kissing religion—walls, stones, fountains, innumerable pictures of saints to be kissed. The lip prints are thick on them.

Oozoo talked about his life. He was a boy when the war ended, the son of a factory worker. He was passionately keen on joining the Party, and when I carelessly said: 'It would be to your advantage', he was indignant. One got no advantages from the Party: one was generally worse paid than anyone else; but one learned to be a leader who would guide people out of the morass of backwardness and superstition. He had a very clear idea of the distinction between real leaders and the exhibitionists and go-getters. He said all Rumanians like himself were utterly out of sympathy with the Hungarian rising, chiefly (he admitted) because of the old historical antagonism. Once again, the strongest feeling in all the satellites, except Czechoslovakia, is national. I never saw Oozoo smile. He was a born Slav, fair, blue-eyed, crop-headed and severe. He tried hard to do his duty and to find out everything I did in Bucharest. He nearly went mad when he lost me in a food exhibition.

Oozoo left me because he had to conduct a bus-load of Czechs to Budapest. My second guide was called Apollo. Dark, handsome in the Italian style, he was always hanging about the girls in the hotel. He knew everybody and was always late. He was the only son of a retired doctor whose wife added to their small pension by teaching history in a secondary school. They sent him money. He had been to Russia and had been a success with the girls there. 'They always fall for the southern



University Square, Bucharest: the University buildings are on the right



Peasant women and (left) mountain landscape in the Carpathians

types', he said unsmilingly. 'Russian men are not interesting to them'. In the meantime Apollo was thinking of getting married to a girl in Bucharest. Their official jobs had given them both pull; and they both were lucky to have a two-roomed flat each. 'That is what is holding up our marriage', he said. 'She won't give up her flat and I don't want to give up mine. And then of course I'm so busy with foreign visitors all summer and autumn that I don't get time to see much of her till the winter. And then, of course, I may get a job in foreign trade. I want to go on trade delegations to the West. What do you think of that blonde? She's in the air line office'.

'She's very pretty', I said.

'Hi, sweet', called Apollo to the girl. 'This gentleman says he adores you'.

The girl shrugged and went off.

'I know so many', Apollo said.

Apollo spoke no English. His French was excellent. He had never, of course, been to France.

Apollo lectured me on the excellence of everything in Communist Rumania; he was wonderfully conceited, efficient, and incapable of discussion. For example, one day I asked him what would happen if he overdrew his account at the bank. He said he had no bank account. He had never heard of cheque books. He said there were no private bank accounts and all savings had been confiscated when the Communists took over. He said he was paid in cash and kept his money in a drawer at home.

'Aren't you afraid it might be stolen?'

'There are no thieves in Rumania', he said. 'Under Communism there is no stealing, no burglary, no gangster life, as there is in the West. There would be no point in it. Look', he said, picking up a newspaper. 'There are no reports of crime'.

'Perhaps they are suppressed for political reasons'.

'There is no crime, but if there were, to publish reports would only encourage the criminals and make the public morbid', he said. If he saved money he put it in the savings bank.

Bucharest has a peculiar distinction among the world's capitals. I have already mentioned the Methuselah complex. The Rumanians desire to live for ever. They loathe old age. For fifty years they have had the handsomely endowed Parhon Institute for Geriatrics. At present it is run by a remarkable woman doctor, Dr. Aslan, whose researches are well-known in Europe and the United States. She is a busy and most engaging woman who looks a young forty—but, as she proudly says, is much older—who

works sixteen hours a day, loves conversation and showing off her extraordinary troop of old men and women whose infirmities she has cured and who enjoy a surprising rejuvenation. They march into her office headed by the celebrated Parseh Margosian, aged 112, a man with a handgrip of iron, a commanding eye, a neck as smooth as a baby's, and new hair on his rugged head. Once in a state of physical and mental decay, he can now chatter in the seven Eastern languages he was brought up in, and strides about manfully. There is a lively tailor who has returned to his trade at 76, after paralysis; he is now growing black hair. One frightening fellow of 80, a one-time gymnasium instructor, did a handstand on the table beside me. Another ancient has lately married a young thing in her sixties and reproaches her only for having passed the age of child-bearing and so failed, in Congreve's phrase, to crown their endeavours. A lady in her seventies, an opera singer, who had lost her voice and become a physical wreck, sang an aria at the top of her voice and was asked not to go all out.

(concluded on page 1214)

Challenge to Prosperity

Why is Britain lagging behind her competitors
in the 'Affluent Society'?

Christopher Chataway, M.P.

has written two articles based upon the recent
B.B.C. Television four-part inquiry.

The first of these articles will be published
next week in

The Listener
and B.B.C. Television Review

Inside Southern Rhodesia

MARGARET BARNES reflects on the recent riots

I AM always rather proud to be able to say that I was born in Southern Rhodesia half a century ago, because that means my parents were among those hardy spirits who left their homes in England to come out and start a new life in a strange, raw country among primitive people. My father, who was a business man, arrived in 1897 and my mother in 1901, and although by then what are strictly defined as the pioneer days were just over, white settlement in this part of the world was still a very new thing.

We grew up on the outskirts of the little town of Bulawayo—as it was then—with its tin roofs and wide, dusty streets and with the great untamed open spaces of the empty veldt almost at our doors. Our surroundings were rather harsh, rather crude, but our lives combined the spacious, free-and-easy ways of a new country with the traditions of the Old Country.

A Laughing, Childlike People

As children, the African people were a part of our lives which we naturally took for granted, in a way that people whose childhood had been spent elsewhere—and that includes our own parents—were never quite able to do. It was as household servants and gardeners that we came most closely into contact with the native people; and there was then, as there is still, a very strong bond of liking and understanding between Africans and the European children. Africans are naturally a merry, laughing people. They had then and still have a simplicity that is childlike—and that is no insult. The memories of old Rhodesians who look back as I do to a childhood spent in this country in the early years of the century are coloured by contact with the picturesque ways of life of primitive people—people whose total lack of sophistication made it natural for us to treat grown men as playmates and call them 'boys' (as our own children still do now).

In those days our elders never talked about race relations. The only problem that people talked about in connexion with the Africans was how to teach them civilized ways; but there was, I remember, always a little undercurrent of apprehension, especially among women, that the savagery of the warlike Matabele might come to the surface again. But it did not, then; and it was to be sixty-five years from the time when Cecil Rhodes made peace with the Matabele at the *indaba* in the Matopos Hills before that peace was broken by any sign of violence or the firing of any shot in anger.

My own mother, who at the age of eighty-nine looks back over almost the whole history of white settlement in Rhodesia, finds it hard to believe that the sense of security and permanence should be threatened now. My mother first knew Africans when they were only just becoming used to wearing clothes and to cooking by any method other than in clay pots over a fire of sticks outside a mud hut, and to her, or to anyone like her, what the African has gained in sixty years seems so much more apparent than what he still lacks.

For most of the twenty-seven years since my marriage (to a Londoner who became a Rhodesian in the nineteen-twenties) I have lived in Gwelo. Gwelo is a town midway between Southern Rhodesia's two cities, Salisbury and Bulawayo. Only a few weeks ago I imagine few people in Britain had ever heard of Gwelo, unless they happened to know some of the young men in the R.A.F. who were trained at our three air stations here during the war. And it is rather sad for us that we have been put on the map in a way we certainly would not have chosen—by trouble: trouble of a kind which is becoming all too common in our part of the world today.

The disturbances which you have been reading about in Britain—outbreaks of stone throwing and looting and burning in our African townships—have affected our peace of mind rather than our way of life. They have shaken and shocked us all because

they are the first blot on our hitherto clean copybook. But I suspect that what people in Britain have been imagining when they read about these recent riots in Southern Rhodesia is not much like the reality. Some of the reports that have come back to us have surprised us very much indeed. They have given us rather the feeling one has upon catching sight of oneself in a distorting mirror at a fun-fair. The shock provokes either a shout of laughter or an indignant protest—as, for instance, when one English newspaper described hefty, khaki-clad Rhodesians striding about Bulawayo armed with rifles while their families cowered behind locked doors. A reporter must have dreamt that one.

I was in Bulawayo at the time of the riots, and although there was plenty of excitement inside the African townships and some stoning of cars on the roads leading out of them, what I saw in the European town and suburbs, apart from an odd patrolling police jeep, was pram-pushing mothers strolling down the road, children on bicycles and fathers attending to business as usual—wearing collars and ties, and dressed, I am afraid, exactly like British business men anywhere else in the world.

One of our Gwelo industrialists, who was on holiday in London, flew back in a panic when he read in an English newspaper that his firm's factory had been burned to the ground in the Gwelo riot. When he got here he found the damage confined to one minor store among the factory's many buildings.

We had one night of rioting in Gwelo, sparked off by agitators from other centres at an African political meeting. The vast majority of the 7,000 Europeans who live in Gwelo and its suburbs knew nothing about it until the next morning.

It is part of the general system in this country that Africans live apart in their own urban areas. The Gwelo African townships lie between the light and heavy industrial sites, and some damage was done to European property in those areas. This made some of our hotter-blooded European citizens very angry and truculent for a day or two. But the people who have been terrorized by the riots here and elsewhere are not Europeans but other Africans. During the riot terrified African women and children streamed out of the townships to sleep in the bush or seek sanctuary in locations outside the town. And it was the amenities provided for the African people themselves—their houses and clinics and recreation halls—that were the main targets for destruction. The reaction to the senseless, unreasoning direction of violence by the rioters against their own people is one of sheer exasperation—and it adds to this exasperation that so many of the hooligans are youngsters of the type the Africans call *tsotsis*—or bad boys.

The Helpful Stone-throwers

There is always a funny side to the illogical and unpredictable African character. During the rioting a European car-driver was running the gauntlet of the stone-throwers. His engine stalled. He put his head out of the window and shouted to the hostile Africans lining the road to give him a push. They leapt to his assistance, laughing and shouting, pushed his car with a will until it started up and shot away, and then turned back to stone the car coming along behind him.

In Gwelo conditions quickly returned to normal after the sudden flare-up, and people in Britain must not imagine European people here going about in terror of their lives. We ourselves live on twenty-five acres of our own land about four miles from Gwelo, and our house is in a comparatively isolated position. Our nearest neighbours are actually a big collection of African workers on a brickfield site. But we still leave all our doors and windows open, day and night, whether we are in or out.

It is still the case that the only Africans with whom European families come into regular and close contact are their domestic servants and gardeners, and the majority of these live on their employers' premises and have not been involved in any of these

township riots. They generally share the household view in deploring violence and hooliganism and want no part in them. Intimidators are known to visit private compounds, but house servants are generally poor material for their propaganda.

We have a Nyasa servant—one of four men we employ in house and garden—who has been with us for twenty-three years. He is devoted to the family and the family to him. He is an excellent example of the best aspect of the kind of feudal, master-servant relationships which has—naturally and inevitably, I think—been the first stage of the association of Europeans with the native people of this country. I do not think there is any doubt that the employment of African men as house servants has been one of the most effective ways of gentling and civilizing a primitive race. Their close contact with the women and children of a white household has raised their own living standards as family men, and many men who have had no opportunities of education at all in their childhood have acquired a great deal of general knowledge through their association with schoolchildren in the homes where they work.

I am not suggesting that to try to maintain what I have called a feudal relationship is either right or possible now. One of the greatest drawbacks to better understanding between the races is this fact that so few of us or our children meet Africans on any level but that of servants. Things are changing, of course; we have students of both races in our university today, and efforts are being made to arrange more contacts between European and African schoolchildren. In the two cities, especially in Salisbury, there are numbers of Africans who dress and behave in a thoroughly civilized way and who are often educated and informed as well as, or better than, many white men. There are still few educated African women but there are many who dress well in European style and take a pride in their housekeeping. Some belong to multi-racial women's associations. But in the smaller towns like Gwelo it requires a deliberate effort to meet Africans on any sort of social level. We meet a few—mostly teachers—at congresses and on official occasions.

Discrimination in the use of public places and amenities is beginning to fall away fast, and things are very different from the distant days of my youth when there was an unwritten law against Africans using the pavements. (This sounds incredible to anyone who has never seen *how* idle, gossiping Africans do use pavements!)

Barrier of Class rather than Colour

I would be less than honest if I were to say that it would make no difference to my enjoyment of life if all social barriers collapsed at once between Europeans and the whole African community. The vast majority of Africans are still very poor, very ignorant, with standards of living and behaviour vastly different from our own. To a greater extent than is usually realized, the social barriers are class barriers rather than a colour bar. After all, Britain has only recently overcome her own system of rigid class distinctions and should readily understand how long it takes to bridge the gap between people whose opportunities in the past have been totally unequal. Most of our Africans are still in the same sort of category as crossing-sweepers and dockyard-navvies in England in the days before everyone began to 'have it so good'. This is why even the most sincere liberals do not want to be hustled too fast into an unrealistic, artificial kind of political and social equality. But what people, who think as we do, do want is much faster advancement of the Africans, particularly by education, to the point where they can meet and co-operate with Europeans on genuinely equal terms.

We do all recognize these recent disturbances as the scum on the cauldron which has been heated to boiling point by inflammatory influences from inside and outside the country. We know that the native people who are being used by agitators to create chaos are the loafers and parasites who have nothing to lose; but we know, too, that all this is a genuine symptom of deep unrest which has got to be dealt with by constructive reforms opening all doors wide to African advancement.

Because there are so few Europeans—one of us to more than thirty Africans in the Federation as a whole—250,000 whites to more than 7,000,000 blacks—we do feel fear and apprehension, not for our lives, but for our civilized standards, if the pace is

forced too fast. This is our home country; we have no other; and we would like to see the social reforms which bring about a real equality between people come gradually, peacefully, logically, as they have in Britain. Our difficulties are greater than yours, because race prejudice and real race differences do exist and are hard to overcome. We look to Britain for help in this. For it was, after all, Britain who sent her children out into these far countries to plant her flag and to transplant a way of life which she believed—and surely believes still—to be a good way, worth trying to save from the many destructive forces which are at large in Africa today—forces seeking to use the simple, teachable, hitherto well-disposed people of the land for purposes which will bring them, and us, naught for our comfort.—*Home Service*



H.M. The Queen's Christmas Day Broadcast



I AM GLAD at Christmas time to have this opportunity of speaking directly to all the peoples of the Commonwealth and of sending you my good wishes. My husband and our children, together with the other members of our family, join me in wishing every one of you a happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year.

I make no excuse for telling you once again that the kind messages which reach us from all over the world at this season give us great pleasure and encouragement. This year I was delighted to get so many when my second son was born. The telegrams and letters which came flooding in at that time made me feel very close to all the family groups throughout the Commonwealth.

It is this feeling of personal association which gives the peoples of the Commonwealth countries that special relationship, one to another, which others find so difficult to understand. It is because of this my husband and I are so greatly looking forward to our visits to India and Pakistan early next year, and later on to Ghana, Sierra Leone, and the Gambia.

By no stretch of the imagination can 1960 be described as a happy or successful year for mankind. Arguments and strained relations as well as natural disasters have all helped to produce an atmosphere of tension and uncertainty all over the world. Although the causes are beyond the control of individuals, we can at least influence the future by our everyday behaviour. It is at times of change, disorder, and uncertainty that we should cling most strongly to all those principles which we know to be right and good. Civilization, as we know it, or would like it to be, depends upon a constant striving towards better things. In times of stress, such as we are living through, only a determined effort by men and women of goodwill everywhere can halt and reverse a growing tendency towards violence and disintegration.

Despite the difficulties there are encouraging signs. For instance, in Africa, Nigeria has gone through the process of achieving full self-government in peace and goodwill. This great nation of 30,000,000 people has decided to remain a member of our Commonwealth, and I know that her influence will be most valuable as the future unfolds in other parts of Africa. Then again, co-operation between Commonwealth countries grows every year, and the understanding and mutual appreciation which is developing at the same time is one of the really bright spots in the world today.

Although the contribution which any one person can make is small, it is real and important. Whether you live in one of the rapidly developing countries of the Commonwealth or whether you find yourself in one of the older countries, the work of mutual help and the increase of mutual understanding cannot fail to be personally satisfying and of real service to the future.

May the months ahead bring you joy and the peace and happiness which we so much desire.

Happy Christmas: God bless you all.

The Listener

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Out of 1960

BY no stretch of the imagination', said Her Majesty the Queen in her Christmas broadcast, 'can 1960 be described as a happy or successful year for mankind'. To natural misfortunes, which men cannot prevent, have been added political failures. The breakdown of the 'summit' conference in May, on which mankind had set hopes, was the greatest disappointment. A cloud hangs over Africa. The Congo affair, bad enough in itself, has proved a severe test for the United Nations and is yet unresolved. France has still to find a way to peace in Algeria, and in South Africa the Sharpeville shootings are a dreadful memory. Only the emergence of Nigeria as an independent state can be placed on the credit side. In the 'cold war', if that is still the proper word, between East and West, the terrible rivalry in missiles and nuclear warheads seems, on the face of it, to have produced a condition of stalemate; and one awaits to see whether the taking of office by a new American President next month will have any happy political repercussions for the world. At home few people of goodwill can rejoice in the dissensions among Her Majesty's Opposition, for a strong Opposition has always been thought essential to the working of democracy, as we understand it here.

So far as this country is concerned, what seems most important for the future is that our democracy should be a better educated one. How far and in what way it should be educated is a matter of controversy. Sir Geoffrey Crowther, the chairman of a committee whose report has set the lines for future public education, deliberately put the cat among the pigeons with his recent oration to the London School of Economics, while in a broadcast talk Dr. A. P. Rowe has also questioned some of the traditional assumptions in our universities. It is on the universities that we depend for the teachers of our children and it is in the universities that many of our future leaders will be found. Thus the future of the universities is fundamental. The notion that they are comparatively élite shops largely dedicated to research may have to be reconsidered and something more akin to American State universities, where every bright boy and girl have their chance, need to emerge. But if the 'affluent society' is going to degenerate into a self-satisfied, narrow-minded and rather selfish and ignorant materialistic community, faults both in our educational system, our churches, and our methods of public information will be held responsible.

In this connexion broadcasting and the press have a part to play. The future of broadcasting is now under examination and soon a decision about it will have to be taken. But that this is a mighty instrument for good or for evil no one will deny. As for the newspapers, many people find it sad that, because largely of commercial considerations, these have contracted. Two Sunday newspapers, one national newspaper, and one London evening newspaper disappeared in 1960 and are additions to a long list of deaths since the war. Serious weekly papers have to fight for their lives. None the less one can look—indeed, one must look—to a raising and not to a lowering of standards in the years to come. A lot of rubbish, ranging from social snobbery to crude vulgarity, will surely go by the board. 'All that we have is life', as D. H. Lawrence wrote, and we must make the best of it.

What They Are Saying

Dangers in Laos and religion in Russia

THE INTERNAL STRUGGLE in the tiny Asian kingdom of Laos, with its attendant danger of intervention by the Great Powers on the Korean pattern, has been widely discussed and commented on all over the world. Peking radio gave a statement by the Chinese Government which attacked 'the frenzied interference in the internal affairs of Laos by U.S. imperialism and its vassal, the reactionary authorities of Thailand (Siam)'. The Chinese Government, according to the statement, was 'closely watching the serious menace to the security of China caused by these acts'. But the statement concluded relatively mildly:

In order to stamp out in good time the flames of war kindled in Laos and to stabilize the situation, the Chinese Government supports the proposal put forward by the government of the Viet-Nam Democratic Republic (Communist North Viet-Nam) for the reconvening of a conference of the participants of the 1954 Geneva conference and the resumption of the activities of the International Commission for supervision and control in Laos so as to seek the means to stop U.S. aggression and safeguard the basic national rights of the Laotian people.

Rangoon home service broadcast a Burmese Government statement, saying that the civil war in Laos could be the beginning of a more severe conflict possibly involving the two world blocs. The statement suggested that this could be prevented by the United Nations setting up a commission of neutral countries, acceptable to both sides, to deal with the problem. Rangoon radio also reported a statement by the Burmese Prime Minister, U Nu, who had said that the situation in Laos was not as grave as in Korea and, that since the Korean situation could not usher in the third world war, it was unlikely that the Laotian situation would do so. However, U Nu had added, a third world war could break out if certain unexpected things happened, though it would not do so very easily. U Nu had also said that a Laos Government which was firmly set up and supported by the people must be recognized, and that the situation in Laos should be watched before the present government was recognized.

The Indonesian home service quoted the Foreign Minister, Subandrio, as saying that the best thing was to give countries like Laos the opportunity to form a national administration which would adopt a neutral attitude in the cold war. Indonesia hoped that the principles of the Geneva conference of 1954 would be revived and enforced. The independent French newspaper *Le Monde* predicted that the fall of Vientiane, the capital of Laos, to the right-wing forces would not put an end to the conflict. It said that both Paris and London had made it clear that they disapproved of the right-wing enterprise and regretted the check to Prince Souvanna Phouma, whose policy (a neutralist one) seemed to be the only one capable of avoiding civil war, the partition of the country, and communist intervention.

Moscow home service broadcast a talk on 'the Persistence of Religious Survivals', in which the speaker stated that there still were, in the Soviet Union, religious believers 'not only among people of the older generation but also not infrequently among younger people and sometimes even among youth'. One reason for this, according to the commentator, was 'the force of habit', another was the fact that there was in the Soviet Union 'a whole army of trusty defenders and preachers of religion in the persons of churchmen and sectarians'. Finally, the Russian broadcaster pointed out that, on the way to communism, many obstacles and difficulties had to be overcome:

Any isolated reverse in the overcoming of these obstacles, any difficulties in the building of society, can and do add strength to survivals of the past. This explains the noticeable revival of religious survivals, in the years of the Great Fatherland War (world war two), connected with deaths, privations, concern for the fate of the Motherland and for the lives of relatives and friends. . . . While capitalism and its imperialist, aggressive forces exist, the real menace of a destructive war still remains, which keeps people in a state of constant alarm for the fate of the world, and this enhances the religious sentiments and moods of believers.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

THE WAKER-UP

'SOME OLD FARM TOOLS', said GEORGE EWART EVANS in 'Through East Anglian Eyes', 'are curiously shaped and extremely well made—"blacksmith made", as old countrymen will say with pride; inferring that the smartest and most modern factory in the country will not turn out implements half as strong or half as reliable. This may or may not be true; but to me it is not so much the tools themselves that are of first importance as the human associations that cling to them as closely as the rust with which most of them are covered. Not only a farm implement but the most ordinary object may evoke an aspect of the old village way of life that has been forgotten. I am thinking of a longish, bamboo cane one might find in the lumber-room at the base of a church tower. If one of the older generation were to see it he would recognize it straight away, and he would probably say: "I reckon I know what that is. That's the waker-up's stick, that is!"'

'I had heard about a church official wielding a long cane in the village of Blaxhall; but it was not until I came to the Stowmarket area of Suffolk that I realized there was a waker-up in most villages in this district. This was at the time when churches still had the old box-pews. Readers of Pepys will know that a great deal of larking about went on under cover of the high box-pews during Restoration days. We do not know whether this persisted in nineteenth-century East Anglia; but we do know that members of the congregation in village churches often took advantage of the cover given by the high pew to have a quiet little nap. It was the waker-up's job to keep an eye on the congregation from a vantage point; and, if someone's head started to nod at the dullness of the sermon, to sidle quietly along the aisle and tap him on the shoulder with his long cane.'

'In a church in the Stowmarket area the waker-up once caused a fine commotion. He noticed a man whose chin was on his chest, and it was plain that he was miles away from the sermon. The waker-up leaned over and gently tapped him on the shoulder. The effect was immediate. The man was a porter on the nearby station; and as soon as he felt the touch on his shoulder he shot up like a rocket and bawled at the top of his voice: "Haughley! Haughley!", and then proceeded to rattle off the names of all the stations to Norwich'.

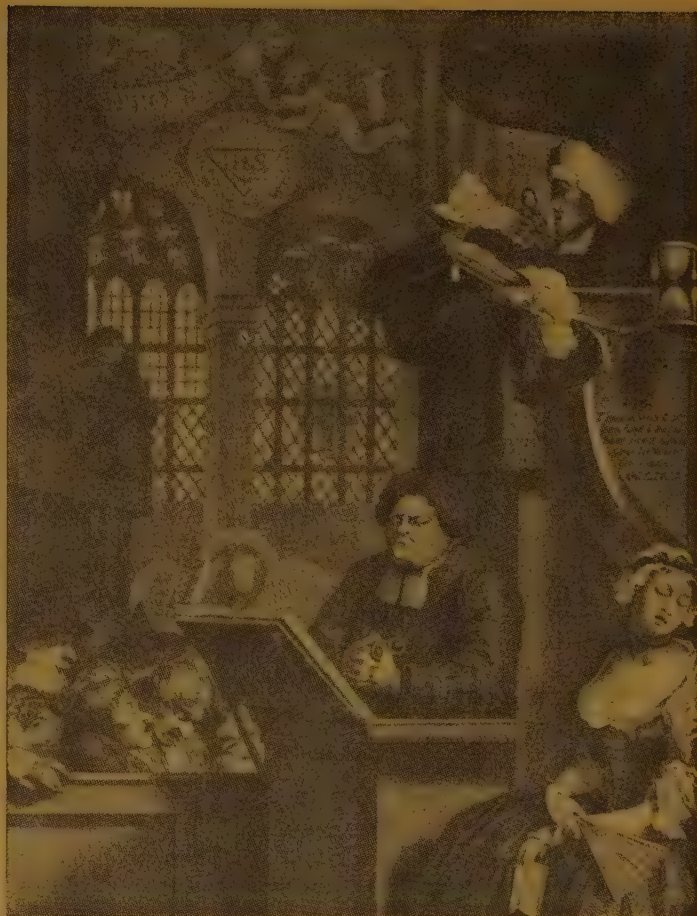
MIDWINTER, TEA-TIME THINGS

'In the ensemble at the end of his comic opera, *The Sorcerer*', said IVOR BROWN in 'Today' (Home Service), 'W. S. Gilbert listed some good, midwinter, tea-time things:

Now for the tea of our host,
Now for the rollicking bun,
Now for the muffin and toast,
Now for the gay Sally Lunn.

'Sally Lunn was a bakeress in the town of Bath who made a kind of bun so well that its name went all over the country. Nobody seems to know the origin of the word muffin. Perhaps because we muffle up outside to keep warm, we 'muffin in' (inside) for a kind of central heating. The name of muffineer was given to a caster for sprinkling salt on muffins, but I think of the muffineer as the man who used to go round the streets on winter afternoons, carrying a tray of muffins on his head, and ringing a bell to announce his coming.

'Bun is another verbal puzzle, perhaps a cousin of the adjective



'The Sleeping Congregation', after an engraving by Hogarth

bunchy, a nice, soft, swollen thing. Bun: it is a gloriously apt little word.

'The rich, lardy crumpet, which Gilbert did not mention, has been explained as the cake with a curled edge, since crump and crimp have meant curly. But is the crumpet so curly? Our slang words for the head are strangely connected with bakery. "Crumpet" for "head" was common in my boyhood, when people, now called "bonkers", were called "balmy in the crumpet". Now loaf has taken its place, as in "use your loaf"; and bun was used for a way of dressing hair. But muffin never went to anybody's head'.

OUR CLIMATE AT A TURNING-POINT

'While Britain has been suffering from the worst floods of the century, the International Committee on Climatology has been quietly considering the climates of the world', said DAVID WILSON, B.B.C. reporter, in 'Radio Newsreel' (Light Programme), 'and these experts from thirty countries have found that our climate, along with the rest of north-west Europe, has been steadily improving for the past 150 years.'

'It is widely known that glaciers in Switzerland and Scandinavia have been growing smaller—in fine, that things are slowly becoming warmer—and now our own meteorological office, by making charts of the weather covering every January back to the seventeen-hundreds, has shown that the atmosphere of the whole northern half of the world has circulated more intensively, which means roughly that things have been more stirred up and have not had time to get too cold. But all this reached a peak in the nineteen-thirties. Since then, glaciers and other relevant things have stopped changing so much, and no one can tell whether this is just a temporary pause or whether we are going to head towards a phase when the Thames may freeze over again.



The muffin-man: from a series of illustrations on 'Winter in Town' in the *Sporting and Dramatic News* of 1882

'For the climatologists the problem of this year's floods is the same as the problem of the fine summer of 1959. Why should the weather get into a particular mood? Why should it persist in one type? When they can answer that they will be a long

it as if he were going for a Sunday afternoon paddle on the Thames.

'The Amerindians in the part of British Guiana I visited were frequently employed on the big logging projects. They are magnificent workers; they can read and write too, but on the whole they never seem very happy in the towns. When I took my Amerindian boys to Georgetown, the capital, they were full of excitement. They wanted to buy everything, particularly clothes; they love bright things. One of them had seventeen brilliant shirts, as I found out when I had to pay his laundry bill. They also wanted to see a wild west show at a cinema; but in a couple of days they had had enough of town life. Yet they were too polite to say so, because with these people of the forest courtesy is most important'.

A SHROPSHIRE GHOST

'Shropshire seems to be the place for ghosts', said VERONICA BAMFIELD in 'Midlands Miscellany' (Midland Home Service). 'We have them in enormous variety, and they have all been collected

together by a remarkable woman called Charlotte Burn who lived in the early nineteenth century. Our ghosts are of all kinds—men, women, animals, monsters—and they all have one thing in common: they do not haunt, they "come again".

'There is another odd thing about them, too. If they gave too much trouble they had to be "read down". This was a complicated ceremony undertaken by the local clergy. As many clergymen as could be got together assembled in church, and began to read from the Bible, by candlelight. It was believed that as they read the ghost shrank smaller and smaller till he, or she, could be coaxed into a bottle, then buried, or thrown into a pond, or better still, the Red Sea. No mention is ever made of whether this was the real Red Sea or just a country pond. Some of our ghosts gave an extra lot of trouble and had to be read down twice.

'Madame Brown, as she is always referred to, who died in 1777, was one of these. One would have thought that at ninety-two she would have been glad to rest in her grave. Not at all. Up she jumped and came again almost at once, playing malicious

pranks on passing travellers, jumping on the backs of their horses, tormenting the farm boys who rode their masters' horses to water by jumping on them too, and riding them till they got into a muck sweat. It was once a common and general belief that horses were sometimes ridden by supernatural beings during the night—hence the expression "hag-ridden".

'After this had gone on for some time, it was thought Madame Brown might be restless because she was buried in a dingle near her father's house, instead of in hallowed ground, so they put her in the churchyard. But that did not do either, and she came again. So the parson of Stanton-on-Hine-Heath sent for the other parsons, and they read her down into a bottle, and put it under the nave of the church. That was about 1780, and she seems to have lain quiet after that. In 1882 the church was restored, and the floor of the nave relaid. The workmen on the job were advised to search for the bottle, but they did not dare to do so. Can one blame them?'



An Amerindian boy shooting the rapids in a dug-out canoe on the Essequibo River, British Guiana

way towards giving us what is their dream—long-range weather forecasts'.

THE ABORIGINES OF BRITISH GUIANA

An independent film producer has recently returned to this country after making a film for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in one of the lesser-known corners of South America—British Guiana. He is BRIAN SALT, who has spent much of his time working with the country's aboriginal people—the Amerindians. He talked about them in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'They are a well-built people, though not very tall', he said, 'with great stamina, pale brown skins, and the shy manner of bush people. They are not the head-shrinking type, but on the other hand they will stand up for themselves if necessary. Those I met live in the half-light of the primeval forests, which cover an area about half the size of Britain, the huge trunks of the greenheart trees giving a cathedral-like atmosphere.

'They live in villages in these forests. There is nothing resembling a village street; instead, their pleasant little wooden houses, raised on stilts several feet above the ground, are usually built out of sight of their neighbours. For convenience they are all within easy reach of one another and of the village store, the school, and the church; but often an outlying house may be more than a mile away from the village centre, and the children, even very young ones, go to school in dug-out canoes. So it is hardly surprising that Amerindians are at home on even the fastest rivers. I had more than one example of this.

'One of the Amerindian youths, who was playing a part in my film had, for the sake of the story, to shoot dangerous rapids in a dug-out canoe. He did it so nonchalantly that I had the greatest difficulty to persuade him to look as though he were in danger. He would gaily point his canoe into a boiling current studded with rocks, and placidly paddle down



A young Amerindian of British Guiana
Photographs: Brian Salt

Liberty and Authority under Elizabeth I

By JOEL HURSTFIELD

IN the life of every nation, as in the life of every man and woman, there come moments when some crucial decision must be taken. These moments may be few and far between: they may indeed occur only once in the life of a man—or of a nation. But when they come there is no mistaking them; and we call them crises. It is at such a crisis that Europe now stands; and its central themes are liberty and authority, the twin components of political power. At such a crisis also the Elizabethans stood 400 years ago.

Absolute freedom—that is to say, freedom for each individual to do what he likes when he likes—is a condition unknown to the historian. Wherever he meets liberty, whether in a savage society or in a civilized nation, whether in medieval or modern times, he meets liberty under restraint: restrained by convention, by law, by force. Where we find liberty restrained by force we speak of tyranny. Where the individual is allowed to speak and act freely, provided that he does not damage the welfare of the community, we speak of a free society. But these again are relative terms, for freedom is always compromising with authority. It must compromise; otherwise a premature extension of liberty renders authority negligible—perhaps creates anarchy—and liberty is in turn extinguished fairly soon after by a ruthless tyranny.

It could perhaps be argued that there was no liberty in Tudor England. Indeed, as we turn the pages of the statute book a whole stream of legislation seems to flow towards tyranny. For example, in the reign of Henry VIII it was treason to declare that the king was not lawfully wedded to Anne Boleyn; but after he had set her aside, it was treason to declare that he was. In the year 1539 two famous statutes were passed which, it would appear, nailed liberty firmly down in its coffin. The first gave the king's proclamations the force of law; the second, dealing with church doctrine, can most easily be judged by its short title: it was 'an Act abolishing diversity in opinions'. Under a statute of the first year of Elizabeth's reign, anyone who refused to attend the Sunday services of the established church was liable to a fine of a shilling a week. In 1581 the charge was raised to £5—and not all of the increase was due to inflation. In 1563, although England was not at war, a system of labour control and direction was introduced which has, from that day to this, never been paralleled in the peace-time history of this country. In the same year, in order to help the shipping industry, a statute required everyone to abstain from meat—which it was hoped would induce him to eat fish—on Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays, unless he was exempted on production of a medical or other certificate, a measure inconceivable even during the darkest days of the last war.

Need I go on? Here already is sufficient evidence, selected from a much larger mass, on the basis of which, if we so desired, we could deliver a powerful indictment of a monstrous system of repression.

But legislation, as such, is no more than the expression of the will of the government. It provides no measure of its power to impose its will. We know for example, today, that there are sometimes governments which possess all the paraphernalia of a sovereign state, with its two houses of parliament, its elected speaker, its internment camp for members of the opposition, its

official gazette, its accredited representatives abroad. Yet the power of that government in fact extends no further than five minutes' walk from the prime minister's office. Or, to take an instance from an earlier period, who in fact governed France during the second half of the sixteenth century, when the Valois kings sat on the throne? This has never been established; but it was certainly not the Valois kings.

Things were entirely different in Elizabeth I's England; but we should still be wide of the mark if we assumed that the government possessed any sophisticated apparatus for transmitting its will into the shires. One handicap to this is so obvious that, all too often, we omit to mention it. The transport system of the day was crude, unreliable, and, in places, for whole seasons non-existent. The queen's journeys through England were undoubtedly great occasions bringing joy and excitement to the humble people lining the routes—and sometimes bankruptcy to the unfortunate nobleman in whose house the progress finally came to rest. But the furthest that any of these progresses got was Bristol. If we draw a line across



A version of the 'Armada' portrait of Queen Elizabeth I by an unknown artist, c. 1588

National Portrait Gallery

the map of England from the Severn to the Wash, then all England north of that line was unknown, at first hand, to the queen.

But, apart from these physical barriers, the government was almost wholly dependent upon amateur officials in the shires, more responsive to local interests than to central policy. It is sometimes said in books that Elizabethan local government was organized on a voluntary basis. I think that 'disorganized' and 'involuntary' might be a more appropriate description.

Yet even when we have been struck by the profound inner weaknesses of the Elizabethan government we should not for one moment believe that its legislation was never enforced. There are plenty of examples to show that, at times, the Elizabethan government could be harsh and inexorable. Between two and three hundred Catholics were martyred under Elizabeth—about the same number as Protestants under Mary—and, whatever its political justification, it was a tragic squandering of some of the best blood in England. Local government could be corrupt and rudimentary; but it could also be savage. And behind all legisla-

tion there was the threat of a summons before the Privy Council, which over and over again enforced the rule of law upon some recalcitrant magnate in the shires.

Yet, in spite of this, one is impressed by the disparity between what the government set out to do and what in fact it was able to do; and this it was which sheltered liberty from the power of the crown and its agents. But these are negative features. The Elizabethans made a more positive contribution to liberty: and this directly involved the queen.

I have never in all that I have read of what Elizabeth spoke and wrote come upon any sign of intense doctrinal conviction. This may perhaps be attributed to the rapid somersaults in official religious doctrine from one reign to another when she was young, for these may have combined to make her something of a sceptic. At least, I think that the effect of these changes was far more important in her life than the romantic hazards which she endured at that time and which have been blown up into all the neuroses in the psychiatrist's case book. But to say that she was not dogmatic is not to say that she was not religious. She did believe in the basic principles of the church she governed; but her approach was broadly humanistic; and in this she had a good deal in common with many of her subjects.

Religious Fundamentals and Formalities

Elizabethans seem indeed to have sensed from so early a period that there was an important difference between the fundamentals of a religion and its formalities, between its inner core of revelation and its elaboration of ritual and doctrine. To some Englishmen it always seems that to declare one's own religion to be the unique revelation of God is blasphemy, and that to murder by judicial process those who do not share one's doctrines is sacrilege. We can see the beginnings of this attitude in Elizabethan England.

But it was in practice, rather than in theory, that Elizabeth more than anyone injected into English political thinking a large measure of toleration, especially in religion. Over and over again, for example, one comes upon good and sincere Catholics who lived out their lives immune to the whole apparatus of the severe penal statutes. Sometimes, as I have said, it was sheer inefficiency or hostility to protestantism in the provincial administration which saved them, but often we find that it was because of the personal intervention of the queen.

But other battles also had yet to be fought, of which the hardest was to be against *Protestant* dissent. Indeed, some of the fiercest battles over liberty have been fought, not between good men and bad men, but between good men on both sides thrust into opposing camps by their unshakable and uncompromising religious and political idealism.

Yet again the queen's hostility was not solely political and self-interested. She saw not only that monarchy was threatened but so was liberty itself. Puritanism is often equated with democracy; but it was indeed a peculiar kind of democracy that the Puritans had in mind. The Calvinist doctrine of the elect—that some are predestined for salvation and others are not—was surely aristocratic. Here was an aristocracy selected neither by birth nor wealth nor ability, but by unknown, unseen forces which lay outside the processes of human reason: an inflexible aristocracy whose dominion would last for all time. The leaders of Puritanism in church and state, not unreasonably, hoped that they were among the chosen; and, in the process, developed an intolerant self-righteousness which intruded into every sphere of human liberty. Aggressive Puritanism in Elizabethan England sought—by a paradox—for liberty to restrain liberty. And the queen met intolerant dissent with the unyielding weapons of intolerance.

Such liberty as existed was reinforced by two institutions: the House of Commons and the English Common Law. In the one, against a background of genuine devotion and public service, the Commons made notable inroads into the royal authority and offered some shelter to a man's liberty and property. It was by no means an adequate shelter; but it survived; while in its own deep and sturdy traditions the English Common Law gave more freedom to the average Englishman than he could have hoped for across the water.

I speak of liberty, not of equality. For the Elizabethans made no pretence at believing in the equality of man. We have nothing among our historical documents which is so moving and contains

so clear an affirmation of human equality as does the American Declaration of Independence or the French Declaration of the Rights of Man. We have, of course, Magna Carta. But Magna Carta was a feudal document which, in the seventeenth century, suffered a change into something so rich and strange that it would have shocked the tough barons who four centuries earlier had forced it on the king. We have the Habeas Corpus Act, but that is not concerned with philosophical abstractions about human nature but with the perhaps more important matter of seeing that people are not kept in prison without a trial.

Liberty then meant a good deal to Elizabethans, but not equality. To them liberty and equality were entirely separate things. It was left to the French Revolution to identify liberty with equality, with consequences for the nineteenth and twentieth centuries which are by now well known.

The liberties that men enjoyed in Elizabethan England were not absolute liberties, but liberties within the existing social structure and attitudes. It was no more than this, but no less. If it be said that this is not real freedom, I would reply that this is precisely the kind of freedom we enjoy today. We are free to do as we like within the framework of the economic and social policies of government and society. Compared with the Victorians we are unquestionably less free. We are not free to build houses where we like, to export what we like; we are not free to employ women and children in our mines; we are not even free to withhold education from our children and send them out to work; and so on. All these freedoms were enjoyed by our Victorian ancestors in the middle years of the nineteenth century: but they are not enjoyed by us. In short, in our social thinking, and our views on liberty—although we differ from the Elizabethans on individual policies—we have much more in common with the Elizabethans than with the Victorians.

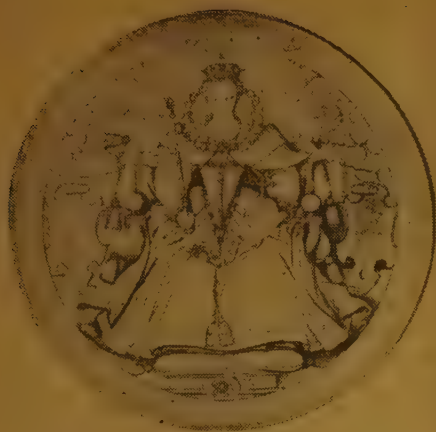
The Tudors No Despots

It is for this reason, I think, that we can understand better than did nineteenth-century historians what the Elizabethans were trying to do. It is for this reason that the term 'Tudor despotism' has disappeared from our historical writing. The Tudors were not despots and their subjects never believed themselves to be slaves. What Elizabeth and her ministers wanted, above all else, was to guarantee external peace by being strong against their enemies; and, essential to that, they wanted to guarantee internal peace by social stability. So increasingly the governing classes were forced to take on social responsibilities and economic and political controls. As part of this, the more advanced thinkers began to formulate new principles of social welfare.

In the Middle Ages the church had carried most of the social responsibilities; and all over England the characteristic social unit for welfare was the parish. After the Reformation the church in England never fully recovered its powers, and that at a time when social problems—which incidentally had little to do with the Reformation—were becoming more acute. At first the Tudors tried to make the parish continue this welfare work on the old voluntary basis. But the problem was too large, and the parishes failed. So the Elizabethans went in search of larger units and found them in the cities, the counties, and, finally, the central government. It was in the Elizabethan period that the welfare parish began to give place to the rough framework of a welfare state.

Against this it may be said: why do I choose a twentieth-century expression—'welfare state'—to describe a sixteenth-century situation? I can only say in reply that the expression 'welfare state' could stand as a modern translation of a sixteenth-century term. The word *commonwealth*, which was continually being used by sixteenth-century writers, had for them its original meaning. 'Wealth' meant to them 'welfare'. The 'common' here stands for the community. By *commonwealth* they meant the welfare of the community, that is, the welfare of the nation or state. The social reformers of the middle of the sixteenth century were known as 'commonwealths men'.

But such a state, even in its primitive Elizabethan form, needs machinery to carry out its will; and, for that reason, Elizabethan England saw the emergence of a great volume of economic and social controls. Many of them were foolish and ineffective; but many of them, for example the food and munitions policies, went some way towards safeguarding social stability and national



Design by Nicholas Hilliard (c. 1590) for the obverse of Queen Elizabeth I's Great Seal of Ireland: the design appears not to have been used

British Museum

tain monopolies, they came into existence because the government lacked the men or the money to carry through its own policy. But many monopolies were no more than a crude and defective method of indirect taxation: the Elizabethan welfare state all too often ran out of cash.

This welfare policy became in the seventeenth century under the Puritans a caricature of itself. Then, indeed, freedom came near to extinction. But this system was based not on an Elizabethan social policy but on a Puritan religious one. Hence such ludicrous enactments as the law of 1650, which not only forbade swearing but established a tariff for offenders: the fine was determined not by the virulence of the language but by the rank of the man who had thus sought emotional relief from life under the Puritans. But when the Puritans had been swept away the Elizabethan attitude survived, not so much in the central government as in the shires, and indeed lasted on into the nineteenth century. Then, for a time, certain economists and politicians—dogmatic Benthamites in some cases, members of the Manchester School in others—began to dismantle the Elizabethan system. Then they tried to refuse social relief save in workhouses; then they ran factories as they pleased and built slums where they liked. If in economic terms there was much to be said for *laissez-faire*, in social terms their theories were disastrous. Then, indeed, social unity, which had lasted so long, began to crumble, and Disraeli could with truth declare that England was divided into two nations.

But a policy of social *laissez-faire* was unworkable and unpopular. By the second half of the nineteenth century the social controls were coming back, to grow in vigour on into our own

strength. Of course, with these controls there emerged also a whole tribe of officials as well as an assorted fringe of shifty contact men, traders in borderline exemptions, the men who for a price would show the way in, out, and around every regulation that the government cared to make. But these parasites, who emerge under any system of control, were not usually the products of controls but of shortages, for example, in food. In other cases, as in cer-

tain monopolies, they came into existence because the government lacked the men or the money to carry through its own policy. But many monopolies were no more than a crude and defective method of indirect taxation: the Elizabethan welfare state all too often ran out of cash.

day. And it fell to a late Victorian, Joseph Chamberlain, to express in words a policy which the Elizabethans had learnt by a process of trial and error. This was the doctrine of the ransom. 'I ask', said Chamberlain in 1885, 'what ransom will property pay for the security which it enjoys?' This was the heart of the matter: if property—that is, wealth—was to live in stability it must pay a ransom in the shape of the welfare services. It must accept taxation and control that it might enjoy internal peace and security. As one compares—not in pride but in humility—the history of this country with that of some other countries over the last hundred years, can anyone doubt that we bought stability by paying a ransom in taxation for the social state? And, in the process, did we not secure liberty as well?

In stressing this continuity in modern English history I should like to make clear what exactly I mean. To me, the first half of the nineteenth century broke the continuity of modern English history and the later nineteenth century saw its resumption. If the break had lasted longer, Disraeli's picture of the two nations would have been valid for many decades until it merged imperceptibly with Karl Marx's picture of the two classes at war with each other. In that case our history would have had much more in common with some of the Continental nations and we should have broken away, perhaps for ever, from our own insular pattern. And, in the process, we should have broken from the peculiar traditions of English liberty.

Liberty and authority: if there is a governing theme in modern English history going right back to the Elizabethan period, then surely it is this: that we yield up some of our wealth and liberty in order that, in political and social stability, we may safeguard the rest. By these means we have earned and justified the political loyalty of the whole community; by these means we have always met our revolutions half-way; we have always absorbed our revolutionary principles into the timeless traditions of parliamentary procedure and the Common Law.

There were undoubtedly social stresses in the reign of Elizabeth I: poverty, unemployment, religious dissent, lawlessness. But the basic conditions of social harmony were never broken; and the Queen governed a united nation. Although it was faced with a continuous threat from abroad, it was never in serious danger of any fundamental internal cleavage.

Can it be said, then, that Elizabethan England was a free society? I think that the answer must be 'no', for there were far more restraints on men's liberty than would be tolerated in a properly constituted democratic state. The foot of the censor came down heavily on the dissident, political and religious alike. Did Elizabethans enjoy more liberty than did other people in Europe? I think that the answer to this is 'yes'. Did the Elizabethans create conditions for the survival and growth of that liberty in which we live? I think that the answer is again 'yes'.

—Third Programme*

The Touareg of the Sahara

By EDWARD WARD

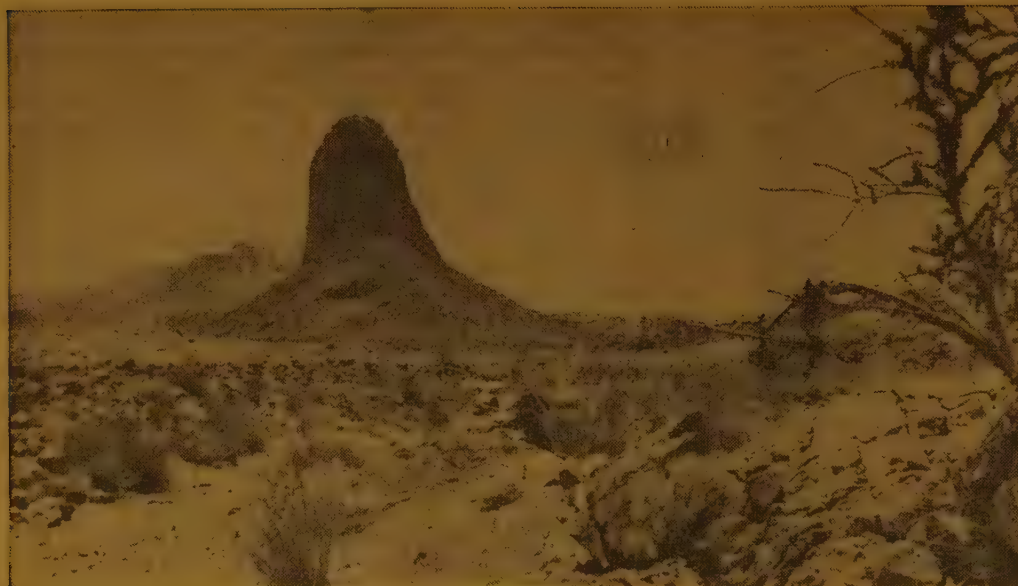
TAMANRASSET is an oasis in the very heart of the Sahara, over 1,000 miles south of Algiers, at the edge of the Hoggar mountains, a fantastic, lunar landscape of extinct volcanoes that erupt in curiously shaped cones and pinnacles and, at their highest point, reach some 10,000 feet. Tamanrasset has become quite a tourist centre. There is a weekly aeroplane from Algiers, and people come down to see the mountains, visit the hermitage of Père de Foucauld, who lived there for more than ten years in the beginning of this century, and, above all, to see the Touareg, the mysterious veiled men of the Sahara, whose spiritual home—if one can talk about a home for such an essentially nomadic race—is in and around the Hoggar Mountains.

To make it easy for the tourist a little group of by no means aristocratic Touareg—their own name for themselves is Ihaggaren, which means 'nobles'—remains permanently en-

camped in low tents made of goat skins sewn together at the convenient distance of a couple of miles from Tamanrasset. For a piratical price that rises steadily they will allow themselves to be photographed. The one-time Algerian 'colon' of Spanish origin who was my guide in Tamanrasset drove me out to see these somewhat unworthy representatives of a noble race. He had the good grace to admit their defects and advised me to go and see the head of the gendarmerie who, he said, knew all about the movements of the Touareg in the Hoggar and might be able to put me on to something better.

'You are really lucky', Monsieur Minet, the *adjudant de gendarmerie*, said. 'You couldn't have come at a better time. There is a wedding tomorrow afternoon about forty kilometres from here and after the wedding there will be an *ahal*—a *cours d'amour*. There may well not be another one this year. The *caïd* of the tribe is a great personal friend of mine and he'll be

* Professor Hurstfield's inaugural lecture (of which this is a shortened version) may be obtained next month from the Publications Officer, University College, Gower St., London, W.C.1 (2s. 9d., post free)



In the Hoggar mountains, 'a fantastic lunar landscape of extinct volcanoes'

Edward Ward

delighted to see you. It's an aristocratic tribe with considerable social standing in the confederation. You mustn't leave the Hoggar with the idea that that *crapuleux* little encampment you've just seen is typical of the Touareg'. Monsieur Minet assured me that I could take all the photographs I wanted. 'I'll just get the *caïd* to give the order', he said, 'but it mightn't be a bad idea if you went to the *épicerie* first and bought a couple of kilos of tea and one or two of those big sugar loaves they sell, as a little present for him. I know he'd like that'. We agreed to meet at four o'clock the following afternoon.

I was delighted at this unexpected piece of good luck and went off to the grocer to buy the presents for the *caïd*. I thought to myself that in one respect at any rate the Touareg seemed to have changed little. They love receiving presents and if they do not get them they have no hesitation in demanding them. I had read a great deal about the Touareg and I was very excited at the prospect of meeting some of these strange people. It may sound rather melodramatic to talk about them as 'mysterious people', but they really are. It is impossible to type or classify them. Even their origins are obscure. Some authorities say they were Berbers, who came originally from Asia Minor, blood brothers of the Phoenicians and Philistines, who left their homeland about 300 B.C. and settled in North Africa, founding the cities of Tripoli and Kairouan, to be driven south into the desert later on at the time of the Roman conquest. They seem to be recognizable in the writings of such early historians as Ptolemy.

Another mysterious thing about the Touareg is the *litham* or veil that is worn by the men—but not by the women. This must have started later than Roman times because there is no mention of such an obviously striking custom by any of the Roman historians. Some authorities think they started wearing the veil somewhere between A.D. 600 and 1,000. Why they wear it nobody has been able to decide. It is probably a combination of straightforward utility—it keeps the sand and dust away from a man's face, though why the same degree of protection is not permitted to the woman does not seem clear—and a deliberate creation of an air of mystery and romanticism.

Largely because their sword hilts and the pommels of their camel saddles are in the form of a cross there has been a widespread legend that the Touareg are descended from European crusaders, possibly escaped prisoners of the Saracens. If the cross motif has any significance at all apart from pure utility it is far more likely that the Touareg, like many other Berbers, went through a period of being Christians. The Arab conquest of North Africa put a stop to that and ever since they have been nominally Mohammedan, though very lukewarm adherents to Islam.

To my mind the most striking thing about the Touareg is the position of their women. While an Arab woman, in the desert at any rate, is not usually much better than a beast of burden and is held in small account, the Touareg woman has a degree of

independence far greater than that of most European women and is greatly looked up to. The Touareg women are the poets and musicians. They do no work apart from the lightest household tasks. If it comes to that, neither do the men. The noble *Ihaggaren* live like medieval aristocrats, prepared until recently to soil their hands with blood but certainly with nothing else. Until the French conquest of the Sahara—and that did not come to an end until the early years of this century—the Touareg were the terror of the Sahara, pillaging caravans, extorting ransom money and fighting other tribes. To give them their due they did organize the greater part of the caravan traffic crossing the Sahara, but caravans had to move under their 'protection' if they did not belong directly to them, and if any independent caravaner attempted to defy the Touareg he was in for trouble. It was the fear of losing

this valuable monopoly that made them such implacable enemies of the French and it took a bloody battle in which many Touareg lost their lives to bring them finally to subjection. But the French treated them with great generosity, leaving them to carry on with their ancient customs, only insisting that they stop pillaging caravans.

So the Touareg continue their nomadic life. They still organize caravans, they will go so far as to look after their herds of camels, sheep, and goats, but they will not dream of doing such menial work as cultivating the land. That is done by their 'slaves', or, rather, today by the descendants of the Negro slaves brought up from the south by their grandfathers. Yet even today these Negroes are still to all intents and purposes slaves; though they are clothed and fed they are not paid, and it is not easy for them to leave their masters. But not so difficult as it was. Nowadays many of these virtual slaves are being attracted to the new oil industry in the Sahara by the high wages they can get there and now they are becoming far better off than their former masters. What the proud Touareg will do eventually nobody knows. These aristocrats of the desert who will not accept any employment and will do no work are becoming an anachronism. But meantime they struggle on, their main amusement and occupation—pillaging and racketeering—removed from them; and they still hold on to their old customs and their women still hold their high position.

The Touareg have the nearest thing to a matriarchy. The chief of a tribe is always a man but he is not succeeded by his own son. His sister's son is next in line. This is a practical way of ensuring that the family bloodstream runs pure from generation to generation, on the basic principle that though a man may not be certain about who his father is at least there is no doubt over his mother. The son of a Touareg man and a foreign woman is not considered a noble, whereas the son of a Touareg woman and a foreign man is. A father has no say in his daughter's marriage. She chooses her husband in this curious ceremony called the *ahal*, which the defenders of the theory that the Touareg are descended from the Crusaders point to as being very similar to the 'courts of love' of the Middle Ages, except that it is the other way round, with the women playing the part of the troubadors. The *ahal* is becoming an increasingly rare affair these days and I felt myself lucky to be able to see one.

We drove out of Tamanrasset on the *piste* or main track leading northwards across the desert. After twenty miles we turned off on a narrow, bumpy track that led to the village of Assam, a large encampment of low tents and *zeribas*, huts surrounded with a reed fence. Monsieur Minet was told that the *caïd* was in his garden and he went down to meet him, the pair returning in a few minutes hand in hand. The *caïd*, a dignified old man, was very pleased with his gift of tea and sugar and said we could take pictures of whatever we liked. I was glad I had taken Monsieur Minet's advice, thinking of the distinguished French historian

E. F. Gautier's meeting with a Touareg noble. The Touareg turned to him and said: 'So you're called Gautier, are you? Well, Gautier, give me some tobacco!'

I met the elders of the tribe—splendid, tall, lean men, some of them well over six feet high and all of them wearing the veil which covers nearly all their features, allowing only a narrow slit for their eyes. We walked across to the stretch of desert where the *ahal* was to take place. There was no ceremony about the wedding at all. That was entirely a private family affair. But the women of the tribe used the occasion to hold an *ahal*. Sometimes this is done by one young unmarried woman or maybe by a widow. She lets it be known that she is holding an *ahal* at a certain place and time and, depending upon her beauty and accomplishments, young men will ride over on their camels from as far as a hundred miles or more away. As dusk falls the girl will sit with her *amzad*, a primitive violin, and her suitors will squat on the ground a little way off, and she will sing and recite the old legends telling of past battles or a time when the tribe was enriched by the pillage of a wealthy caravan; or she will sing one of the beautiful Touareg love songs, like this one translated by de Foucauld, which I have turned into English:

Shall I compare my love with a
white racing camel, with a shield
of Tarmai?

With a herd of antelopes of Kita?
With the fringes of a crimson belt
of Jerba?

With a grape just ripened

In a valley where beside it ripens the date?

Amoumen is the cord around which the pearls of my necklet
cluster;

He is the string on which hang the talismans on my breast;
He is my life.

Sometimes, however, the songs are of a crudity that, as one French writer says, 'would have shocked Rabelais!'. All through the hours that the girl has been singing and reciting, she has been glancing at the young men, carefully making up her mind about her choice. At the end of her recital she throws her bow at the feet of the lucky man and the pair of them will disappear into the night. The others take their defeat philosophically, mount their camels, and ride off home.

The *ahal* I saw was a far more general and far more spectacular affair. Long before anything started I watched a young Touareg, who was a camel cavalryman in the French Saharan Company at Tamanrasset and had come over in his uniform, changing into ceremonial robes.

This included having his *litham* put on. It took about an hour to wind yard upon yard of fine, indigo-dyed cotton material over his head, under his chin, over and under and round his forehead and his mouth until all you could see was his eyes. It was a highly expert piece of bandaging, worthy of the skill of a trained hospital nurse.

At last the

women decided to start the *ahal*. Forty or fifty of them squatted on the ground round a little group of five, who sat round a drum. They started beating it in a slow, monotonous rhythm that gradually increased in tempo, chanting a curious melody at the same time. They were all laden with heavy silver jewellery. Some of them wore lovely indigo-dyed shawls which made their hands and faces appear a pale blue; others, shimmering robes of a metallic cloth which cost, to them, a small fortune. None wore a veil and none was in the smallest degree shy. After the monotonous black of Arab women's clothes, these Touareg women made a wonderful splash of colour in their red and bright green and indigo robes.

Then the men came upon the scene, riding up on their camels:

tall, arrogant men in flowing robes and their tightly bound veils that even from a short distance away looked remarkably like medieval knights' visors. They came in pairs, on their splendid white and pale-cream racing camels, riding very slowly and sedately, their camels' heads drawn proudly back, their magnificent saddlecloths and trappings and finely decorated saddles adding a wonderful touch of pageantry to the scene. Slowly the pairs of riders strutted past the seated women, who appeared not to take the slightest notice of them; but you could see an occasional oblique glance as a woman quickly assessed the merits of a man. The slow procession in pairs continued for a long time and then, abruptly, all the

riders joined together in a single group and began circling round the women, putting on speed all the time until they were going at a full gallop. It became dark. The men dismounted from their camels and joined the women on the ground. The drumming and singing started again. 'They'll stop to have something to eat in an hour or two', a young French lieutenant said. 'Then they'll start dancing, and that'll go on until at least four in the morning, and then they'll pair off and disappear'.

Meanwhile we were all invited to supper by the caid in a large tent that had been specially put up for the purpose. It was about one o'clock in the morning when we rose to say goodbye to our Touareg hosts. They had been very kind, very hospitable and friendly. I have seldom met people to whom I took such an instant liking. I found it almost impossible to believe that these charming people with whom we had all spent such a delightful evening had, until so recently, been fierce, bloodthirsty enemies of the French with whom they were now on such cordial terms.—*Home Service*



A Touareg with his sword: the hilt is in the form of a cross



Touareg at one of their desert encampments

'Argentinian Edwardian' in Cordoba

By NIKOLAUS PEVSNER

IT is shocking how little one knows of the geography of far-away countries, inside as well as outside the Commonwealth. We certainly were completely blank when we received the invitation to go to Cordoba, which we located in inner Argentina, 400 miles west of Buenos Aires. And yet Cordoba is a city of half a million inhabitants and has a university founded in 1613. I need not say that it was in connexion with the university that we went to Cordoba—a summer seminar (that is, a winter seminar) for professors and lecturers of Argentinian universities and also from Montevideo, Santiago, and Lima. The subject was nineteenth-century architecture.

The Least Explored Century

I cannot help being branded as a nineteenth-century man, and for South America architecture is, of course, one of four things: pre-Columbian, Colonial, very recent, or nineteenth century. The nineteenth century is of the four the least explored, as it is the least explored in Europe also. One can say that it is also the least deserving, but that is neither here nor there.

Anyway, there I was to teach, and also to study what was to be studied. The plan of Cordoba is a grid; so are all the Jesuit plans of the sixteenth century, and also all Colonial towns of all times and countries. It makes it hard to find one's bearings, and it makes it hard for the architect to do something individual, unless his plot is a whole block, which it never is. Plots are in fact narrow, and hence the new buildings with their ten or twelve storeys stick up from the lower, older buildings like the teeth in an ill-looking-after mouth. The resulting untidiness is depressing in a town with a distinguished architectural tradition.

Argentinian Colonial is a provincial Colonial—nothing like the Colonial of Peru and Brazil, but what there is is largely in and around Cordoba. The cathedral was started in the late seventeenth century and built right through the eighteenth century, and so has, on the one hand, a dome with an extraordinary curly crest and, on the other, a fairly classical portico. The cathedral is the best-known Colonial building in the Argentine, but the Jesuit church, or the church of the Compania, as they call it, is the most interesting, a severe building of about 1650 with a wooden tunnel-vault constructed on a system which Philibert De L'Orme had laid down in France in his *Nouvelles inventions* a hundred years before, and which the Jesuits must have taken over from him. In addition Cordoba has some rather exciting, small, eighteenth-century churches with barbarically overdone mouldings and crazily undulating pediments and cornices; some Colonial houses, all rather small fry, and the Palacio Ferreyra which, far from being small fry, is a whale of a house.

Years of Fabulous Prosperity

Of course it is Edwardian—that is, not strictly nineteenth century—begun about 1910 and completed in 1914. I say 'of course', because those were years of a fabulous prosperity for the rich in the Argentine, the years when houses of a similar size and style were built in Buenos Aires as well, the present Military Club, the present Museum of Decorative Art, the present Brazilian Embassy, and so on. All these houses are French in style, and I can assure you that if any of them were in London many of you would know about it. I would certainly have a longish paragraph on every one of them in my *Buildings of England*. The Palacio Ferreyra, which to me is the best of them all, was designed by a Parisian architect, either Sanson or Sargent. On that, oral tradition differs from printed evidence, and documentary research on Argentinian Edwardian is not a thing as yet done. Sargent—René Sargent—is more likely. He designed two of the most lavish palaces of Buenos Aires and, in addition, the house for Count Camondro near the Parc Monceau in Paris.

You know as well as I what the Parisian fashion of the Edwardian style is like in England. It is what Max Beerbohm called 'Lulu Quinze'. You know how overdone it is from the Savile Club and from No. 3 Grafton Street. I can tell you that in the Argentine the taste was the same, though there were more attempts at making only a few rooms *dix-huitième* and others François I or something else.

The remarkable thing about the Ferreyra Palace is that it is not at all 'Lulu Quinze', first of all because it is not *Quinze* anyway but *Seize* in its decoration and Empire in most of its furniture; and secondly because it is pure, it is chaste, it is not a bit exaggerated—that is, except in one way. You have no idea of its size. It lies in a moderate garden in a main avenue of the town. Yet it has a central hall of nearly 100 by 100 feet. The hall of the Reform Club, to give an example as a comparison, is 57 by 52 feet, the ballroom in Buckingham Palace 120 by 60 feet. The palace ballroom is 45 feet high, the hall in the Ferreyra Palace 75, so the Ferreyra Palace has it on all counts. That gives some idea of the scale of the house. The hall is white or grey, the staircase has a splendid wrought-iron balustrade, and rises in one flight and then branches out into two to reach the gallery or balcony which runs all round and has the bedrooms opening out from it. I should really say the apartments; for a house of this kind was a family house and originally several branches of the family lived in it. Now many of the upper rooms are unused. In olden days weddings were held in the drawing room, with an improvised altar; so upper apartments were no doubt needed. The one I saw was that of the original proprietor's wife, with a lobby, a bedroom, a boudoir, and a bathroom the size of a present-day two-storeyed council house.

Museum Pieces in Ferreyra Palace

Down below are the state rooms. Behind the hall is the winter garden, 140 feet long and with the biggest philodendron I have seen in my life. Dinner in the dining room is the nearest thing to dining with the Empress Josephine at Malmaison I have ever got to. The furniture is copied Empire with bronze mountings, amazingly well done. The upholstery is Empire silk; the wall panelling is Empire silk, not a bit faded. The statuary is marble, mostly from the antique, vases are Sèvres or bronze, only the pictures are all indifferent Victorian, and the photographs on the walls of the upper rooms are without exception museum pieces. There is also a basement with kitchen and offices and a second floor with servants' rooms.

The Ferreyras must have been nabobs at the time, and they are still very wealthy now, with estancias, one with a polo ground, and all the rest. But they must have been very cultured too, fifty years ago, or else the house would not have been so restrained. And they are certainly exquisitely cultured now, with a perfect command of languages, and a knowledge of Istanbul as well as California, let alone Paris, London, Rome, Madrid. The lady of the house, the evening we spent there, had to break off rather early, that is in the Argentine about midnight—and it is early, considering the fact that dinner is served at ten and is an affair worth lingering over. But she had to be busy early the next morning. It was all rather surprising. The family had given the town some time ago a medical research institute, and in that institute the next morning a heart operation was to be performed on a little boy, such as had been done in the Argentine only twice before. The lady of the house helps on such occasions, as one of a team of several doctors, several nurses, and so on. All was ready, all was almost rehearsed, costly machinery was geared up, the team standing by, and the rosary of the miracle-working Virgin had been obtained as a special grace.

Yes, it is a strange country, and not only in scenery and politics, where one expects it to be strange.—*Third Programme*



Racing at Newmarket in the early nineteenth century

By Laodicean out of Lady Chatterley

ALEX COMFORT on his researches into the stud book

THREE years ago I bought the first twenty-nine volumes of the *General Stud Book*. For the sum of £40 I had acquired the life history of every racehorse born in Great Britain between the mid-eighteenth century and the year 1940. The books, in half-leather bindings, occupied a shelf and a half. The recent volumes were shiny, a credit to any library. The older ones were powderier and powderier and powderier as the record receded. It took half a morning with a tin of grease before I could handle them without overalls.

I never sat on a horse. So far as I know, I never saw one run, except for its own amusement. I was interested in these long-dead horses for a purely scientific reason. The problem was this: I was working on aging, and I wanted to find out whether the offspring of old fathers live as long as the offspring of young fathers. Normally, when you have to make a study involving the statistics of birth, death, longevity and so on, you turn either to the laboratory mouse, which gets through the business of life intensively, or to man, who keeps records of his family affairs. Man would have been the choice in this case, and indeed human records had been used to tackle this question. But here there are two rather bad snags. We were interested not in the effects of having an old mother, which is known to exert a certain influence on performance, but only in the father's contribution. In man the ages of the two are connected—there are too few old men having children by young women, and far too few young men having children by older women. Moreover, experience of life would lead us to expect that the older the man and the greater the discrepancy in age, the fewer the cases in which the titular father has contributed very much to the transaction.

This process of aging in mammals is being increasingly studied just now, and the object of the investigation is to see if we can control, or at least alter, it. But it has been said jocularly that gerontologists are operating under a curse, for the existing animal statistics are so meagre. It took several years' hard work, even in this dog-loving country, to muster enough accurate dog records to plot three quite inadequate survival curves. Millions of pups are registered at birth with the Kennel Club, but unfortunately they are not also de-registered when they die. Cattle, sheep, pigs, even hounds, are culled, eaten, put down, all before their natural terms. Alone among the animal breeders the racehorse owners

and the bookies have stood out against nobbling. They have preserved a voluminous record of the lives, and generally of the deaths, of thousands upon thousands of horses. It was scrupulously accurate, because money depended on it. Moreover, an English sportsman is, or was, a gentleman: he might assist an elderly husband with his family duties and say nothing, but to register a base-born foal as a thoroughbred would be beneath him.

Better still, in horse-breeding there is no correlation between the ages of mare and stallion; both continue breeding to an advanced age—the stallion as long as he can stand. In fact several noted stallions have shared the enviable fate which overtook Attila the Hun.

Here, then, was my body of scientific data. The problem was to get it out. For every animal in which I was interested it was going to be necessary to look through successive volumes, following it by name, until it died or vanished from the record. I started by scoring 2,000 mares which were born around the year 1875. This would give me a survival curve, and a score by the age of one or both parents; but it was not long before I encountered the influence of the curse even here: there was more than one animal of the same name, to start with; animals would vanish from the stud returns for years, then have a lightning romance with another thoroughbred in extreme old age and reappear in the family way; there was even an indescribable person who had called one of his horses 'Ditto'. When my scoring was complete, the numbers turned out to be just not quite sufficient for statistical purposes. There was nothing for it but to score another 2,000. So I had to settle down and do it. And now I knew my way about the record it seemed a pity not to tackle some other outstanding problems at the same time. In the end I found I had extracted more than 10,000 lives. I did a good deal of this scoring work in the Underground train. I once saw a jockey—couldn't be anything else—staring hard at the back of the *Stud Book* and at my slide-rule. He probably thought I had found a system. He did not say anything; in fact the only racing man to whom I mentioned my research on the *Stud Book* said 'How long they live? They don't bet on that, you know'. But I got the better of him in the end, because the work was lucky enough to win a scientific prize, the only money I ever won on horses, and the only time I ever heard of a horse being backed for length of life.

As with any repetition work where you dare not let your attention wander very far, the material began very soon to take on quite other shapes and interests than I had intended to find there. These animals of course were dead. They had left nothing but a name, sometimes a distinguished one, which even I knew: the Derby winners, for example, were all old friends, not because I had ever been to Epsom to see the Derby, but because Sir Nigel Gresley's 'Pacifics' on the London and North Eastern Railway were named after them—St. Simon, Solario, Woolwinder, Flying Fox, Minoru, Gay Crusader. They evoked not hoofbeats and cheers but a whistle, as they shot out of Hadley tunnel on the home straight to King's Cross.

Now and then, one of the mares would emerge as a personality, like the mare that won the Leger and bore a dead foal the next day. I cannot recall her name. Then there are the obituary notices of stallions: Hopbloom by Parmesan 'died in a fit'; Julius by St. Albans 'shot, having fever in the feet'; The Rover by Blair Athol 'murdered in Ireland in 1884'; Distin by Trumpeter 'dropped dead after serving a mare', and so on. But far more clearly I began to see the personalities and interests of the owners especially reflected in the names they chose for their horses. Sometimes the owners appear by name as people, going beyond a simple entry like 'sold to Lord John Russell', or 'given to Mr. Cardew as a hunter'. There was Sir Tatton Sykes, who bred greys, and who had the habit of not giving them names. I had to make my way through some dozens of animals each identified as 'Sleight-of-Hand Mare' and separated only by birthdays. Any one of these was apt without warning to produce a notable foal and become from then on 'Beauty's dam', or, if one of her brothers distinguished himself, 'sister to Pontoon' or something else of the kind. Altogether, since horses' names are chosen 'out of the head', they form a minor instance of free association. It is limited sometimes by some kind of system, like the choice of a particular letter, or it is made to fit aptly with the names of sire and dam: Weedkiller, by Florist out of Kill Hill; Euthanasia, by Mousquetaire out of Suicide; Woollack, by Chancellor out of Lost Sheep. I believe it is a favourite party game in some circles to make these up. At the same time they reflected both current affairs or personal inclination—devout, political, literary, or what have you. The net result is that, as with the bound volumes of *Punch*, I found myself reading the *Stud Book* as a historical record. All those volumes which have propped open innumerable gunroom doors, or soaked in the tobacco smoke and conversation in gentlemen's studies contain the English and the Anglo-Irish way of life in a kippered, dehydrated form. They describe not only horses' ancestries but also our own—more accurately, in some respects, than do the official histories.

The names reflect everything. First, of course, events—the history of the history books. In 1772 a Snapmare, sister to Syren, foaled a colt that was named Washington, and her next, a filly foaled in 1776, was called America. In 1823 there was Bolivar (two horses of that name) and, more menacingly, Refugee appears; there were also three Wellingtons: the first, out of Creeping Kate, was later renamed Russell; the others were by Cannonball out of Psyche and by Champion out of Williamson's Ditto (that one was renamed The Duke). I do not know if this renaming was just to avoid duplication; I suspect it also reflected Wellington's own declining popularity and his remark that 'ovations were giving



St. Simon (foaled in 1881) at Newmarket

place to demonstrations'. However, there was a Duke of Wellington, by Young Phantom out of Flighty who did manage to keep his name, at least until he was sent to Hungary.

And so on, down through history: 1843 gives us Chartist, by Revolution out of St. Winefred; 1870 with the Fall of Sedan and the Paris Commune produced a crop of names like Communiste, Anarchiste, Pétroleuse, Suffragette does not turn up until 1904: she was a bay filly by Fanatic out of Partensa;

and we come in the end to Air Raid and Russian Hero and the rest of them. Probably, since my series does not go beyond 1940, we can expect Genocide and The Great Deterrent and The Brink to turn up soon, if they are not here already.

What was even more interesting to me was to see what authors these owners read. They had a wide range; early on in the record the top scorers seem to be Scott, Byron, and Tom Moore—in fact, from the year of *Lalla Rookh* onward, Nourmahal, Araby's Daughter, The Peri, and the rest are seldom absent from the record. I am sure I must have missed many of the literary allusions. Names in the *Stud Book* are a far more difficult test of general knowledge than those quizzes the weeklies print at Christmas. Nydia the Blind Girl, Lady Lurewell, Polly Plush turn up cheek by jowl with a rather surprising company of historical figures, from Hetman Platoff and Rosa Bonheur to Jane Austen, Miss Otis, and King Herod.

The horse-breeders went to the opera, too, or talked and read about it. We find Meyerbeer, and *La Fille du Régiment*, and *The Prophet*. The accession of Wagner and of Weber is marked in the same way. And lastly there are those ephemerals one cannot really classify, but which make up the climate of particular epochs: Volapuk, The Flapper, Eton Crop, B.O.—all of them fossilized for posterity in the *Stud Book*. You can elicit the dates when plants like polyanthus and grape hyacinth first became popular. In fact, if nothing else of our literature survived for posterity there would be here not, it is true, an interpretable record but at least a series of chapter headings from which to refresh our memory. Without this semi-historical interest in the material I do not think the scientific purpose behind the work I was doing would ever have carried me through the labour of extracting and scoring all those long-dead, long-buried animals. If I had known what was involved I would probably never have embarked on it.

What good came of it at last? said little Peterkin. Well, we got our answers. The characteristic life span of a thoroughbred mare is about twenty-two years. The record is about thirty-four years, held by Bluebell by Heron out of Jessie, foaled in 1851. The progeny of old stallions live just as long as the progeny of young stallions. And stallions—this is unusual, if true—seem to live rather longer than mares. Most horse-lovers probably knew these facts already. But though the work was worth doing, it is the incidental and unexpected interest of the *Stud Book* that will stay with me whenever I see a copy of it. I shall remember all those literary and historical horses whose ghosts I raised to help us to find out why human beings get old.

Incidentally, I was cheating over Lady Chatterley. Up to 1940 she had not made the *Stud Book*. In 1925, there was a foal called Lady C, but the date she was named is not clear. Perhaps they will go on ostracizing her in spite of the courts; but I will give 'evens' that after next foaling season she will be in.

—Home Service



Solario (foaled in 1922) with Joe Childs up

The Function of Literary Criticism

By RICHARD HOGGART

THIS series is about criticism, the job of criticism*. But I think I must first say something, no matter how brief it is, about art itself, since that is the raw material for criticism. I say 'art', but will speak chiefly about my own field, literature. I believe that almost all I say will apply to the other arts as well.

W. H. Auden once gave a useful short definition of literature. Literature, he said, is 'a game of knowledge'. First, it is a 'game'. It exists in its own right, is itself and not something else. Its equipment—the gear of the game—is words, rhythms, and patterns of words and rhythms. More, in one sense the artist is playing with these things for their own sake, not using them as tools to reform people. As Auden said again: if your child tells you he wants to be a poet, ask him why. If he says: 'Because I want to do good', let him become a clergyman. But if he says: 'Because I like playing around with words', then let him try.

Again, to call literature first a game reminds us that it involves making shapes, structures, patterns. It is not chunks of raw life, documentary—like, for instance, so many of those novels which appear each month and which are said to 'give an interesting picture of the life of a teenage waitress in a coffee-bar', or to 'take us really behind the scenes in the advertising world'. They may well be interesting but they are not usually works of literature. Literature comes more obliquely to experience; in a serious sense, it sees through it; it moves towards drama and symbols and it searches for underlying rhythms.

The Basic 'Thisness' of Art

So we have to start with this idea of art as 'a game' because it points to the basic 'thisness' of all the arts—words for a poet, three-dimensional objects with weight and mass and texture for a sculptor, and so on.

But Auden's definition ran 'a game of knowledge'. I take it that 'knowledge' here means meaning, means that literature explores human experience. So literature is more than a game, or it is a game in another sense (as children's play can be, for that matter)—a way of confronting, of exploring, the dilemmas that we meet as human beings, as individuals who have free will and who are in constant relationship with other beings who also have wills.

Here, for me, the best statement is still that of D. H. Lawrence, when he contrasted the novel and idle gossip in *Lady Chatterley's Lover*:

It is the way our sympathy flows and recoils that really determines our lives. And here lies the vast importance of the novel, properly handled. It can inform and lead into new places the flow of our sympathetic consciousness, and it can lead our sympathy away in recoil from things gone dead. Therefore the novel, properly handled, can reveal the most secret places of life. . . . But the novel, like gossip, can also excite spurious sympathies and recoils, mechanical and deadening to the psyche.

I know at least one definition of criticism which is as pithy as Auden's definition of literature, but it will come in better later. To begin with, I would say that most criticism at any time, if criticism is to be in good shape, ought to be a service, both to the work it is discussing and to the public. I do not altogether disregard what is sometimes called 'creative criticism', though only the rarest people can write it effectively. For most of us criticism ought to be a service—perhaps a scholarly service, historical or comparative, to the work of art itself; perhaps a service towards better interpretation and appreciation by the audiences. I have said audiences, because this kind of criticism may be written for laymen or for experts. It can naturally take many forms and its approaches will differ. But the foundations of good service-criticism ought to be common to all types of critic—that they should first submit themselves to the peculiar and particular

character of the work of art they are talking about (this sounds easy, but in fact is very difficult); that they should have a sense—an informing and enriching sense, not a disciplinary or regulatory sense—of the work's relation to other works in this form; and that they should have a similar sense of its relation to the historic body of literature—of any kind—that body of which the work has become a part.

Declaring an Interest

Last, I think criticism should recognize that art is about life, is about 'knowledge', in Auden's word. If there is such an activity as the purely aesthetic criticism of literature it seems to me to have a very limited application. At this point, I suppose I am, to use a parliamentary term, declaring an interest. Naturally I know about the dangers of a crude moralism—the hunting for cracker-mottoes—in literary judgments. I think I also have some sense of the dangers which can come from an undue or a misplaced use of that kind of moral questioning which I am advocating. But still I find myself in general behind this statement by I. A. Richards. It comes from his *Principles of Literary Criticism*, which was first published thirty-six years ago:

To set up as a critic is to set up as a judge of values. For the arts are inevitably and quite apart from any intention of the artist an appraisal of existence. Matthew Arnold, when he said that poetry is a criticism of life, was saying something so obvious that it is constantly overlooked. The artist is concerned with the record and perpetuation of the experiences which seem to him most worth having.

How is criticism regarded today? There is no single answer to this question because there is no one kind of critical writing, and different groups are regarded differently. Some criticism, some critics, enjoy great respect—much more than we might have expected, say, fifty years ago. I am thinking of men such as Eliot, Richards, Leavis, Empson; and one could produce just as imposing a list from America. Like most good academic critics, they are usually demanding to read; they assume a close knowledge and probably a wide background and they make few concessions to the reader. They will not be driven by pressure of time to 'place' or to assess a new work quickly. The influence of those I have named—and of some others—is so great among professionals, specialists, and academics today that a layman might feel like calling them critics' critics. But I hope he would not be put off reading them. For they are irreplaceable.

Journalistic Criticism

Again, some critics and reviewers in journals quite rightly have a good following from a wider and a lay audience. But, these few apart, the profession of critic today is not greatly respected by laymen. It is about journalistic criticism that I want chiefly to speak from now on. For it seems to me that many journalistic critics and reviewers, though they may be read and enjoyed, are regarded by their readers as entertaining individuals, interesting but quixotic individuals, not as people who serve an art nor as members of a profession with standards, not as people—to quote the short definition of criticism I promised to mention—engaged in 'the common pursuit of true judgment'.

Why is this? There are no doubt several reasons, several tangled reasons, and some of them are as old as journalistic criticism itself. Still, I think we can today distinguish three elements which make for the unsatisfactory nature of so much journalistic criticism. One of them is obvious and cannot be fruitfully developed at this point. I mean the commercial factors, the increasingly competitive situation of the dailies and weeklies: this puts a premium on immediate stimulation. But though we may recognize the force of this factor, we can also fairly add

* Alec Robertson will discuss music criticism and John Fernald dramatic criticism

that some journalistic critics give way to the pressure the more quickly because they are uncertain in the two other areas. They seem disinclined to probe into the function of criticism and they seem uncertain about the nature of their audience. I want to look at this last point first.

To put my own view briefly and sharply for a start: I believe too few journalist critics—too few among those of us who engage in journalistic criticism—have as firm a sense as we might have of the good possible audience waiting for us today. I do not mean the audience which is approached most of the time—that lowest-common-denominator audience which is made up of aspects of most of us. If we, as critics, aim in this direction we end by reducing literature to the status of just another glossy commodity, something to be gossiped about and used up, like the latest news-item from the world of 'bright young things'. At this point the fact that Mr. So-and-So wrote his book while sleeping on top of the Albert Memorial receives more attention than the book itself.

Uninformed Enthusiasm

Nor is the audience I am thinking of wholly composed of the sort of people who today are too easily called 'culture-vultures'. I say 'too easily' because it is fashionable to dismiss as a joke an uninformed enthusiasm for the arts; and this can become a nasty form of lowbrow-highbrowism. Such an enthusiasm will not develop into an informed enthusiasm if we are content to offer little more than the up-to-the-minute, the shiny and the meretriciously stimulating.

I am sure that there are more people than most literary journalists are willing to assume who will take—who want—more solid and more sustained fare than they commonly receive. But even in speaking as though this were a separated minority I am using a wrong form of words, but one that is all too typical. It is time we shook off much of our 'minority' thinking—thinking which makes us talk about the small core of the 'enlightened', the 'saving remnant'. There may be some truth in this but we ought to recognize instead that some of the time many people can be approached sensibly even through the noise of the lowest-common-denominator voices. We often hear 'highbrows'—I only use the word for want of a better one—complain of the disappearance of Dr. Johnson's 'common reader' under the pressure of commercialized literacy. On the other hand, too many popularizers too easily assume that in a technically literate commercial democracy all of us all of the time have to be amused, that no one must ever be challenged or taxed. Rather, there is a core—a fluid core, if you can have such a thing—composed of many of us for some of the time, and this is the present-day counterpart of that audience with which Dr. Johnson said he 'rejoiced to concur'. And it cuts largely across distinctions by the height of our brows or the height of our social class.

Literary journalists ought to try to address themselves more, and more confidently, to this audience, made up of many of us in our better moments as readers. This is not easy, for—leaving aside the commercial pressure to be bright but trivial—there are more false manners than true. There is a talking-down which is a form of patronage. Or there is a talking-up, a modish cultural band-wagoning (a ride round the Chelsea, West End, and Kensington areas, with an occasional trip to the Theatre Workshop at Stratford as a contrast). This manner usually seems to me to be born out of the modern intellectuals' terrible fear of being solemn, of ever seeming to be 'doing good' to anyone or of wanting to 'teach' them anything.

Johnson's 'Common Readers'

I believe, then, that there are bigger audiences than we usually realize for an intelligent approach. If we respect the arts and if we want to write journalistic criticism about them, then these seem the best—perhaps, out of self-respect, the only—audiences we should seek. I guess that they are growing slowly, in spite of the levelling and the fashionable emptiness which is encouraged by much else in mass communications. These are the 'common readers', in the good Johnsonian sense, of a mass democracy: and we ought to do all we can to reach them in the right way.

Given this first assumption about possible good readers, our characteristics as literary journalists should flow naturally from our respect for the art we know and from our respect for the function of criticism itself. It is not difficult then to name the qualities we should try to acquire, though it may be difficult always to embody them.

The first quality may seem too obvious to need naming. I call it hospitality towards the art we are writing about. I mean responsiveness to a great number of its forms, manners, styles, tones—the lyric and elegiac, the ironic, the comic, the tragic and many another. This hospitality obviously means the capacity to enjoy, to find a deep and direct pleasure in the art. It ought to include also a sense of the often quixotic, untidy, and even shabby labour—though hard labour—of creating in any art; and it ought to imply a sympathetic openness before experiments and new directions.

So far, so good. But many, if not most, of us would claim to show just these qualities, in fact, to show them above all else. My reply is that our hospitality is too often only a promiscuity. Or what should be a sense of the quixotic and untidy labour of creation is really only a hearty but unreal bohemianism. Or what looks like an openness to experimental writing is really no more than an automatic acceptance of the esoteric and the obscure. In all these instances true hospitality has become a loose gregariousness because it has not been supported by the assumption that—like friendship in comparison with an easy acquaintanceship—hospitality needs a full and serious attention.

Next, and again the point may seem obvious but is not always taken, we need to remember the uniqueness of the art we are writing about and have a grasp of its special and peculiar standards; to remember not only that it is literature we are talking about, not music or painting, but that it is literature, not philosophy or psychology or sociology. Once more this calls first for a fundamental seriousness—but not a solemnity. Our own feeling for the rough texture of life and our respect for anyone who tries to explore it ought to make us reject those qualities in works of art which sell life short—fake solutions, technique used as a blind, self-deception, pretentiousness, undue simplicity. And this not because we are 'highbrows' and therefore assumed to prefer things which are made complicated and difficult but because none of us—labourers no more than intellectuals—really lead simple lives, have simple relationships with others. At no point in life, thank goodness, do we 'live happily ever after'.

Fortuitousness of Life

Such an attitude will still be too heavy unless it is reinforced by the knowledge that life is often accidental and fortuitous, that it is shot through with quirky and even scatty elements. It is in response to these elements in experience that artists may find themselves moving into strange forms, using odd and—as we are inclined to say—'unreal' angles. George Eliot's *Middlemarch*, great though it is, is not the only kind of novel. Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* and Joyce's *Ulysses* are aiming to do something different.

With all this in mind we should be able to get away from some current faults. To reject the over-simplified and self-deceiving puts into their place many novels, plays, and poems in any period. And some of the other rules-of-thumb I listed above ought at the least to inhibit the use of those very common *ad hominem* clichés:

Of course we all like a good cry now and again, so here is . . . or:

Now here's a nice bit of mayhem and skullduggery for the cognoscenti.

Behind all approaches like those there is, of course, that hoary old chestnut:

After all, it's all a matter of taste.

There are 'matters of taste', of course. I have not, for instance, as strong an appreciation of dramatic literature as I would like. By nature or because I reflect my period, I respond more easily to the novel and poetry. And taste plays a part in deciding which kinds of novel or poem I more readily enjoy. But I know that some poems and some novels are better than others; whatever my instinctive preferences, some are artistically and emotionally more effective and more perceptive than others. So it is not all a matter of taste unless we are prepared to cheat in the 'game'—

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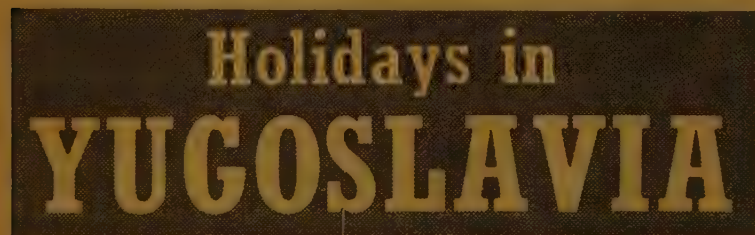
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the art itself—and to sell short the 'knowledge'—the exploring of experience.

As I have suggested, our particular tastes may be due partly to our individual make-up, and partly to the influence of our age and its predispositions. Here is one way in which another quality I hinted at earlier may help to adjust judgment. I mean the sense of perspective and tradition. We all know the way in which one of each successive month's batch of novels tends to be hailed:

The greatest novel I have read this month.

or like this:

Must be read . . . a superb analysis of political life, of family life, and of relations between the sexes. Unique insight into the workings of major elements in our society.

The Genuine and the 'Gimmicky'

This kind of thing has become a joke; but it is a joke with too much truth in it. We ought, as critics, to have in our bones a sense of the achievements in our art over the centuries, the areas it has ranged over, the depths it has sounded. Otherwise, to take only one instance, we will not really be able to distinguish between what is genuinely new and what is no more than a gimmicky rephrasing of some earlier achievement. We will not recognize for what it is, for instance—and I am thinking of a particular recent novel—a book which does no more than superficially rehash certain technical devices which had been seriously developed by Proust.

I do not mean, obviously, that we ought to use Dostoevsky as a stick with which to beat any aspiring metaphysical or symbolic novelist; or Jane Austen to knock down a new novelist of domestic life; or Shakespeare so as to reject wholly someone who may be trying to write tragedy today; or George Eliot to dismiss a budding social and moral novelist. We have to look first for whatever powers and potentialities a new writer may have. And, since writers exist now and not in a temporal vacuum, even those who are only moderately endowed may have something to show about the life of our times.

Yet still we cannot do without a sense of this other landscape and chronology, as points of reference, reminders of possibilities. We need not, in fact, refer directly to other writers, and most of the time we probably will not. But they will be there, at the back of our minds, and they will insensibly affect what we say and, more crucially, the very way we say it. They will all the time affect our tone, the sort of adjectives and adverbs we use; we will be less likely to use words like 'great' or 'unique' or 'original' or 'magnificent'. We will not be constantly holding up the past so as to diminish the present; after all, in this case it is not really the past we are talking about but a continuous present of achieved works of art. But our sense of this achievement and of a new work's relation to it will come out in the very texture of our prose.

More Respect for the Job

All these qualities—a sense of the art as itself and yet as having a meaning in experience, a sense of tradition and perspective—ought to encourage in us also the last of the fundamental attitudes I asked for earlier: more respect for our job as critics. And this would be the best antidote to one of the more common vices in today's literary journalism. I mean personality-pushing by the critic himself. I have already admitted that most of our vices are not new. About 140 years ago Hazlitt attacked this one and noted too that readers often encourage it:

The more you startle the reader, the more he will be able to startle others with a succession of smart intellectual shocks. The most admired of our reviews is saturated with this sort of electrical matter, which is regularly played off so as to produce a good deal of astonishment and a strong sensation in the public mind. The intrinsic merits of an author are a question of very subordinate consideration to supplying the town with a sufficient number of grave or brilliant topics for the consumption of the next three months!

So it is not new; but still, one can fairly say that these qualities are particularly encouraged by the changing character of journalism today. Naturally we should communicate, if we properly can,

our sense of the excitement of any particular work. But too often today—and this is probably a change since Hazlitt's time—journalistic criticism brings us into the close presence of rather *thinly*-equipped men, exhibiting their egos week after week. We are given, for instance, not a review of the one interesting book of the week but a shiny piece about a number of unrelated books, artificially held together in the syrup of the author's personality and with a headline such as this:

ALL MIXED UP—BUT I LIKE IT THAT WAY
by Ken Watson—Our Weekly Bookman

—and we wish that Ken would get out of the way.

That was an example at a low level, of the kind of literary journalism that we do find in a few of the daily newspapers. But something of the same characteristic can be found in what are called the 'quality' papers, though it is expressed in a more sophisticated manner. Here we are nearer to the attitudes attacked by Hazlitt. The critic's background and wide reading are sometimes used to allow him to toss intellectual coloured balls into the air, all the small change of 'highbrow' opinion in 800 words, so that the poor book he is ostensibly reviewing is no more than a jumping-off point. I speak with feeling for I have endured this treatment; you notice, when the book under review is your own. But I suppose I have enjoyed many another such article about a book I did not know, for they are clever, witty, and easy to read.

Social and Cultural Setting

If we find it difficult to shake off this rather self-important manner, we may be helped by thinking about our own social and cultural setting. If a literary perspective gives a view backward in time, this one can give a view horizontally across the present scene. We might then ask ourselves such questions as these:

Is it necessary or desirable that about 20,000 books are published each year in Britain, of which much the largest single group is that of the novels?

Do more than a tiny number of them deserve the kind of public attention I am in a position to give? Can't the rest be left to the advertisers?

How far, in the treatment I give, the number of books I review, the attitudes I assume in writing, am I being influenced by the pressures (the more and more interlocking pressures) of the literary-cultural industry? Can I not easily and insensibly become a small cog in a big commercial machine?

But don't I owe it to the authors, to the few living authors who are trying to come to grips with their experience through art, as to their predecessors, not to fall in with the needs of the great commodity-producing machine?

And haven't I similar duties to my readers?

Last, haven't I similar duties to my own profession of critic?

We have to recognize, more than we do, that literary journalists have a proper and worth-while place in the company of critics, of those who are engaged in that common pursuit of true judgment. The gap between different kinds of critic will no doubt always exist; but it does seem wider now than it need be. Literary journalists do not always recognize the value of sustained, well-nourished and unhurried academic criticism at its best; academic critics sometimes dismiss automatically the insights of the best journalistic criticism, or they assume that to try to write for a lay audience is automatically a lower form of activity than their own. Yet surely the chief difference is one of approach, not of fundamental assumptions, and it arises from the inevitable difference between their audiences.

Running through all I have said have been three considerations, all of them forms of respect—respect for the art we write about, respect for our professional function as critics, and respect for our audience. And they cannot be separated. What Ezra Pound said several decades ago about the artist's responsibility towards language applies just as much to the critic—and implies also his social and cultural responsibility to his readers:

When their work goes rotten—by that I do not mean when they express indecorous thoughts—but when their very medium, the very essence of their work, the application of word to thing goes rotten, i.e. becomes slushy or inexact, or excessive or bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought and order goes to pot.

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

December 21-27

Wednesday, December 21

Motor car manufacturers are told by the Restrictive Practices Court that their agreement on the fixing of prices is 'against the public interest' and are ordered to end it

3,000,000 workers in the engineering industry are to get an increase in pay ranging from 7s. to 8s. 6d. a week

Major-General Sean McKeown of the Irish Republic is appointed to take over command of the United Nations forces in the Congo in the New Year

Thursday, December 22

Strikes in protest against the Belgian Government's austerity programme, brought about by losses in the Congo, paralyse public services throughout Belgium

Engineering unions in the motor-car industry agree to join employers in talks early next year to study industrial relations

R.A.F. transport aircraft carry food and medical supplies to Laos. The pro-Communist forces withdraw north of Vientiane, the capital

Friday, December 23

Fighting breaks out in the Belgian Parliament as deputies debate the government's austerity measures

Senior posts in the Civil Service in Southern Rhodesia are to be open to all races from next month

Saturday, December 24

The Belgian Prime Minister appeals for order and an end to the strikes; troops guard the railways against sabotage

Busmen employed by private companies in East Anglia and elsewhere strike in protest against the holiday arrangement

Sunday, December 25

H.M. the Queen's recorded Christmas message is broadcast throughout the Commonwealth on sound and television (see page 1173)

Monday, December 26

Socialist trade unions attempt to spread general strike in Belgium

Tuesday, December 27

Roman Catholic trade unions in Belgium decide not to join general strike

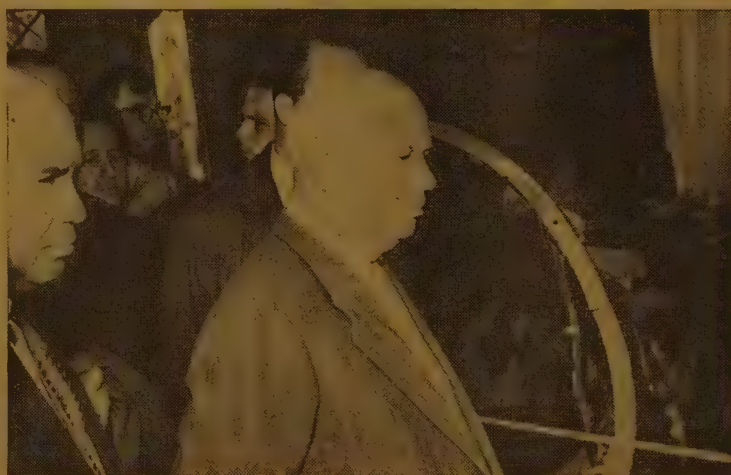
France explodes third atom bomb in Sahara Desert

One-day bus strike affects many areas, including South Wales, Essex, and Berkshire

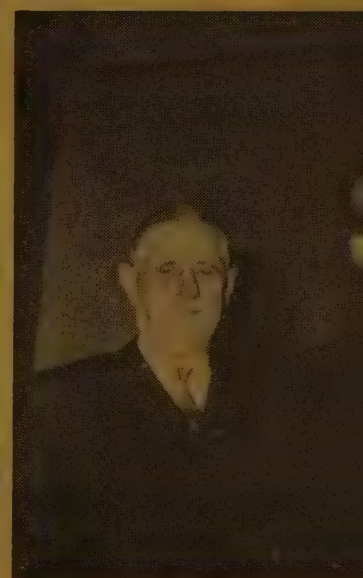
It is reported that 127 deaths took place on roads during five days of Christmas holiday



General Jacques Massu (above), the French military commander of Algiers, whose dismissal by President de Gaulle on January 22 for publicly criticising the President's policy of self-determination for Algeria, was followed by an insurrection of European extremists. The rebels are seen in the photograph on the right manning barricades in a street in Algiers. The revolt collapsed after nine days. A referendum on the future of the territory is to be held on January 8



Mr. Khrushchev looking at the wreckage on view in Moscow of American U-2 aircraft which was shot down over Soviet territory on May 1. The Americans later admitted that the aircraft had been on an intelligence flight



The trial in Moscow, which opened of Francis Powers, the pilot of the U-2 aircraft, sentenced to ten years' imprisonment

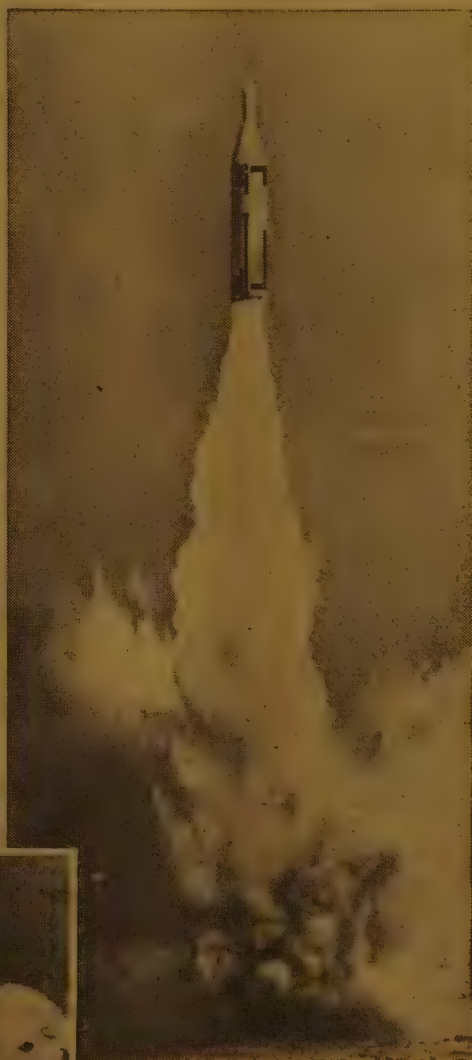
ING BACK ON 1960



The scene at Sharpeville near Johannesburg, South Africa, after police had fired on a crowd of Africans demonstrating on March 21 against the law enforcing them to carry passes. Sixty-seven were killed and nearly 200 wounded



President de Gaulle, Mr. Macmillan and President Eisenhower in grave mood in Paris on May 17 after the breakdown of the 'summit' conference. The failure followed Mr. Khrushchev's demand for a public apology by President Eisenhower over the flight of the U-2; this he refused to make



The first successful firing from a submerged submarine of a Polaris missile on July 20 off Cape Canaveral, Florida



After five years of violence and tension in Cyprus, an agreement on the future of the island was signed at Government House, Nicosia, on July 6: Left to right, Mr. G. Christopoulos, Greek Consul-General in Nicosia; Archbishop Makarios; Hugh Foot, the Governor, and Mr. Julian Amery, the Colonial Under-Secretary. Dr. Kutchuk signed on behalf of the Turkish Cypriots



Mr. John Kennedy speaking at a press conference at Hyannis, Massachusetts, on November 9 after being elected the new President of the United States. He will take office on January 20, 1961



Left: Strelka and Belka, two dogs which the Russians sent on a flight into space on August 19, being presented to the press after being brought back to earth

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Short Story

Don Juan and the Left Bank

By GERALD HOWSON

THE town of San Fernando is a sort of Spanish Aldershot. It lies at the point where the isthmus of Cadiz joins the mainland, and is surrounded by miles of salt-flats. Yet, to say 'mainland' is not quite accurate, for the town and its environs form an island separated from the true soil of Spain by narrow streams and connected to it by various bridges.

There are some barracks, factories, military drilling grounds, whitewashed churches, and a pleasant main square, walled on one side by a huge yellow late-Renaissance town hall. The back streets are long and straight, often ending in a flat white wall with a semi-circular arch in it, and they are generally at right-angles to one another. The houses are low, the fronts are white, and the windows are barred on the outside like cages. In another district long since abandoned to the very poor the tumble-down courtyards and sheds cluster round a small red bullring and swarm with gypsies, beggars, and thieves.

It was in this town that a colonel of the Marines was quartered some time ago. He had with him his wife and four children; and he was well known as being both a bigot and a martinet. In his household and his command, no possible excuse for a religious observance was overlooked, and any slightest impropriety that he noticed, whether on the part of his men, his children, or his wife, was always punished. 'A sapling must be guided between straight sticks if it is to grow up straight itself', he used to say. His two daughters would go rapidly through the streets like a pair of ghosts; they forever seemed to be in mourning, forever seemed to be veiled and clutching rosaries. While everyone conceded that these two were very obviously virtuous and marriageable girls, the *pirópos*, those faintly concealed obscenities which Andaluz lads call out to every passing female, would somehow become harder and more suggestive when the colonel's daughters hurried by.

The colonel himself was taller than the average Spaniard. He was fair-haired and wore a moustache which, while not exactly bristling, nevertheless managed to distract the attention from the looseness of skin that comes with middle-age, and to give him an air that ladies might describe as 'dashing'. His eyes were protuberant, yet the lines round them gave the impression of a certain intelligence. The memorable feature of his face was the roundness of flesh covering his jowls, a roundness that would degenerate with the advance of age, I suppose, into sagging pouches. His mouth, of which only the lower lip was visible, was thick and fleshy, and would hang open while he was listening to others. When he wore his cap, which disguised the beginning of baldness, his erect bearing and

swagger contrived to give him the appearance he desired most, that of a Gay Hussar.

Yet the colonel had a weakness. He could read French and, through his position, had access to modern French literature not generally available in Spain. He loved to read the works of quasi-existentialist Left Bank writers. They provided him with forbidden glimpses into the life of the Cities of the Plain. When he read such a book he would copy out some of the more unlicensed

understanding of the problems that beset us women in these times; but above all, I was fascinated by the way you illustrated, in your most recent novel, the emotional disturbances that flow beneath the surface of married life, as felt by one of our sex. Each word was like a blow on the head. Shall I dare ask for the inestimable honour of a reply? For you have shown you understand how a poor soul like myself, cut off from all cultured company and elevated conversation, longs to drink at the fountain of pure and unrestrained thought.

'The address I give is that of a dear friend, a poet and a man of much delicacy and understanding, who will treat this matter in absolute confidence. Should you wish to do so, you may write there quite safely.

'Know that I stand ready to gratify your every wish, Your fervent admirer (who kisses your hands)'.
He signed himself in his wife's name, addressed the letter to the Madrid hotel and posted it.

To his delight and rather to his surprise, a reply came promptly, received and duly passed on by the trusted poet. This poet, who was called Andrés, first took the liberty, however, of steaming the letter open, reading it and showing it to a number of his drinking companions. It was in clear and correct Spanish. It said:

'My dear friend,

Please forgive a young girl who addresses you thus on first acquaintance—a young girl who, notwithstanding a certain literary celebrity, is really inexperienced in the ways of the world. I am most gratified to receive such an unexpected letter. First, because, although I have had much praise recently, most of it has been professional and therefore its sincerity must be suspect. Secondly, because you are a mother of four children and therefore have perhaps more direct experience of the true purpose of life than I (if life can be said to have a true purpose), yet my little novels have sounded a sympathetic chord in your soul and have moved you to pay me this tribute, a tribute expressed with the generosity and warmth for which Spanish women are famous. I shall stay in Spain a few months'.

There followed a tactful suggestion that they corresponded either in Spanish, which would give her practice in reading and writing, or, if he preferred, in their respective native tongues. Then she continued: 'Can you advise me where to go and whom to meet? I have no acquaintances here except the litterati, and they bore me to death. You are cut off from culture, you say. Yet by your letter you are a person of great sensibility. I should like you to consider me as your friend'.

Elated with his success, the colonel answered straight away. He evaded her request for intro-



passages into a notebook and throw the original into the sea. The notebook he kept in a trunk in the attic. He read Cocteau, Beckett, Aragon, Sartre, and even Robbe-Grillet. But it was the authoresses who really supplied the craving of his vice with its most exquisite gratification. Simone de Beauvoir, Françoise Sagan, Malet-Joris—he read and copied them all, and he read the corrupt novelettes of one young lady I shall, in this story, call Diane La Joue.

One day he read in the paper that Diane La Joue was going to visit Madrid and would be staying at the Tal y Cual Hotel. He went straight up to his study and sat down at his desk. His heart was thumping with excitement. He must think; he must do something—he must do it now or never! Finally, he selected some blank writing-paper and wrote as follows in Spanish, but laced with French expressions:

'Esteemed Mademoiselle:

'I am the mother of four children and the wife of an officer living in this town, which is neither more nor less than a provincial barracks. I have read all your works, and you may judge the extent of my admiration when you consider the risk I take not only in acquiring your books but in finding time to read them without being discovered.

'To the writer of this letter, your books are a revelation of light and truth, with a profound



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ductions by saying that nobody stayed in Madrid in summer. Then he launched into a long, rambling complaint about the restrictions of a woman's life: "... If only I could wear slacks and a T-shirt as you can in Paris. If only I could wear a bikini at the beach! But my husband is so strict—and if any of us here behaved as you do, our husbands would be disgraced and there would be a massacre. They teach us that we are weaker than men, that we are only happy when we are under their discipline, and that it is *their* nature, on the other hand, to hunt and to rule. I know where my husband goes once a week at night, and it is not for me to complain. Yet, surely, he has the obligation of giving me a satisfied married life?'

* * *

The colonel had some difficulty in finishing this letter, for he was getting into a muddle. His opinions on women and on male honour were, despite his reading, those of a conventional and provincial Spaniard. Never in his life had it occurred to him to put himself in a woman's position. Only a year had passed since he had hit his wife in the face for being smiled at, in a manner he thought too appreciative, by a passing doctor. He remembered the lecture he had given his youngest daughter years ago when she had returned crying from a concert. She had wanted to sing in the choir, but the nuns in charge of selection had told her that the only girls to be allowed to sing were those with pigtails. 'That is a lesson for you to learn', he had said. 'Immodesty leads to presumption, presumption leads to atheism and atheism leads to hell, both here on earth and in eternity. And that's the truth'.

He escaped from these contradictions and doubts by remembering that he was a man of action and that he had a plan. He was a seducer; he was Don Juan, whose powers of attraction were able to reach, thanks to modern communication, as far as the stews of Paris. 'After all', he said, as he signed his wife's name, 'she is only a young French trollop'.

* * *

Not all the correspondence exchanged by these two was shown to me by the poet, Andrés, for he was supposed to be the colonel's friend and confidant. Briefly, what Diane replied was that a man's role of domination and possession, and the acquiescence to this attitude on the part of many women, was based on an illusion; that women could be prevented, by a show of jealousy, from following their own ways. 'If we are going to take lovers, no amount of breast-beating, duelling, and door-bolting will make any difference. Forgive me, my dear friend, if this sounds offensive, but your whole moral system is a bubble. It will burst at the first touch of reality'.

Although things were taking a course that pleased the colonel beyond his expectations, he felt there was truth in what Diane La Joue had written; it was truth that his intelligence accepted but his instincts did not.

Locking himself in his study, he spent the greater part of the night composing a letter which justified the way of life he and his fathers and forefathers had followed without question. Modesty in women and jealousy on the part of men were essential to civilization. Without them, all would descend into chaos. The tolerance to which the bohemians of London and

Paris pretended was a lie. If a woman was lucky enough to get away with an infidelity, she should at least have the honesty to recognize it as a betrayal. As for the man who openly, or tacitly, permitted his wife to take a lover, he more than half destroyed himself, so that his tolerance was no more than cowardice. The Spaniards had a word for such men; he spelt it out in six cruel capital letters, a short ringing word, brutal and slightly ridiculous. In English, and thus deprived of its overtones, it means merely 'the great goat'.

* * *

Having written the word which released all his feelings, the colonel felt better. Then he began to wonder whether his wife would ever have written such a letter. What *were* her feelings about such things? He had no idea. In all their married life they had never discussed such matters. Tomorrow he would sound her out, telling his story as something he'd heard in the officers' mess.

After he had posted this letter, he was attacked by yet further doubts. He did not know, he realized, what Diane looked like. He had read she was twenty-five. A voluptuous pang went through him as he imagined a slim young woman in tight jeans and striped shirt. He wished he had been less hasty in expressing his Spanish opinions.

There was a longer interval than usual before Diane's answer arrived. She had left Madrid and was in Aranjuez, beginning her tour of Spain. The letter continued:

'Something behind your words betrays insincerity. But surely we can be open with each other by now. For instance, in an earlier letter, you said you were unsatisfied with your husband. What exactly is wrong? Please forgive my curiosity.'

'As a woman, who is concerned with the conditions under which women live in various societies today, and as a novelist who is trying to understand some of the mysteries of Spain and Spanish life, such things are of great interest to me'.

It was at this point, that is, from the time of Diane's departure from Madrid, that their correspondence began to be conducted in a less restrained manner; and on the colonel's part, I regret to say, it degenerated rapidly into the unprintable. In fact, he lost all control of himself and of his plans. His adopted character of Don Juan was obscured and lost in the turbid outpourings he wrote to her, crammed with repellent and unmentionable physical details. All day long he could think of nothing else. His attempts to broach the subject with his wife had ended in an *impasse*. She had said, in a horrified voice, that such a woman who carried on such a correspondence (and with a *foreigner* too!) ought to be lynched, and that everybody would forgive the officer, whoever the poor man was, if he murdered his wife without delay. Dreading that she would repeat this when the women came in for sewing the next day, he shouted and cursed her, and swore her to secrecy on the rosary.

* * *

He was so frightened by this incident that he began a frantic campaign of discipline. Early mass was attended daily; his daughters, already covered from head to foot, were inspected and cross-examined each time they left the house; his soldiers were kept standing to attention in

the burning sun for nearly an hour while he lectured them on the importance of a soldierly bearing and of obedience not only to their N.C.O.s and officers but to the code of honour and Christian duty by which a soldier should live. He became an infernal bore and a nuisance to everybody under him and around him.

His letters, which he wrote almost daily, read as though written by a kind of witless Krafft-Ebbing. Diane replied about twice a week; her letters were restrained, kindly, and always inquiring for more facts. 'Only when we know enough facts', she said, 'can we look into our very souls'.

'She must be a remarkable girl', the colonel said one day to Andrés. 'Nothing seems to shock her'.

As the image of her which he had conjured up in his mind began to crystallize and combine with the intelligence her letters obviously showed, so his feelings for her became less contemptuous. He had never met, nor imagined, a woman capable of such rational thought, nor so well informed. How absurd of the local people to glower at the French girls who came to Spain in sports cars and sat up all night talking and smoking in the cafés. 'We sneer at these Parisiennes', he said, 'merely because they are intelligent and free'.

Later that afternoon, when he was by himself, he suddenly exclaimed: 'I'm in love with her, that's what it is. In spite of all the horrible things that I have written that haven't shocked her, I love her'. He cried aloud: 'Oh my poor Diane! My little red carnation! My poetess, my genius! More lovely than my mother who gave me birth!'

He stopped, horrified that anyone should hear him. He was on the outskirts of the town. In front was a whitewashed *venta*, or inn, glowing pink in the early twilight; a solitary dog sat by the door. Beyond, the salt marshes extended in a desolate waste as far as the ocean, which was now running in on the evening tide.

'There is nothing for it', he said, 'we shall have to meet each other'.

* * *

And so it came about, indeed. Reverting once more to his more elaborate and pompous style, he wrote to her in Valencia suggesting a meeting. At first she replied that her money and her time in Spain were running out, that she still wished to visit Granada, Sevilla, and Cordoba, and that this hardly permitted her to come all the way down to Cadiz. The colonel wrote off frantically, saying she couldn't think of missing Jerez and its wonderful bodegas. And Jerez was hardly more than an hour's drive from Cadiz. 'Besides', he continued, 'my dear friend, the poet Andrés, who was a personal friend of Garcia Lorca and Manuel de Falla, and who has been in Russia, is most keen to make your acquaintance'.

Finally, she wrote from Granada, saying: 'These people I am staying with are tremendous bores. They even took me to those ridiculous caves. I shall cut my stay by two days and go to Jerez to try the wines. I shall write to you from there'.

Now that his feelings for her had changed, he knew that this was the grand passion of his life. Never had he felt such an intense, such a spiritual love for another human being. He had day-dreams of wandering hand in hand with her through the pinewoods at Puerto Real; he

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saw the sun lighting her tanned face and the wind blowing her dark hair when she turned to smile up at him. He would take her shooting by the lake of La Janda; she would stay in Spain, and when he had leave next Christmas, they would go to Madrid and he would buy her a little fur hood to protect her from the snow. And next spring they would go to Sevilla for the Holy Week.

A telegram arrived from Jerez saying: 'Arriving Cadiz tomorrow. Let us meet in lounge Hotel Oceano six-thirty, Diane La Joue'.

He was in agonies of excitement, longing, doubts, and fears. He had given no thought to the problem of explaining himself when they first came face to face. 'When we meet', he said, 'all will be understood and forgiven!'

That night, he went to the *venta* and hired some flamencos to sing to him. He wept when they played their saddest songs of unrequited

love and betrayal. He paid them 5,000 pesetas.

The next day Andrés and the poet came into Cadiz and explained the situation to his friends, including, I now ought to mention, myself. Almost before anyone suggested it, we were strolling in the direction of the hotel.

'It is now six-fifteen', Andrés said, 'we must get away from there before the colonel arrives and sees us'.

The reception clerk was a friend of ours. We told him the story and asked if Diane La Joue had arrived yet.

'She has booked for one night only', he said. 'She is waiting in the lounge. You can see her from the passage. Come with me'. He led us round the corner to a small service-window in the wall. 'There she is!', he said with a malicious grin. We looked through into the lounge and saw a young man, of middle height, in a black corduroy jacket over a black thin sweater

and narrow black trousers. He had close-cropped hair and wore sun glasses made to reflect like mirrors. He was holding a cigarette in one hand, while the fingers of the other were delicately balanced along the top of a flower-patterned armchair. He was the perfect picture of the professional Parisian seducer; the thoroughbred product of generations of men spoiled by generations of women. His mirror-glasses flashed light disconcertingly as he lazily and self-consciously changed his pose, leaning on the chair; his expression half cynical, half sulky, while he studied his fingernails. 'This', he seemed to be saying, 'is going to be a pushover'.

We crept away.

At six-thirty exactly, the colonel's car drove up. His orderly opened the door. The colonel sprinted up the steps, crossed the hall to the lounge, knocked and went in, closing the door behind him.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Art and Anarchy

Sir,—I cannot without protest allow Professor Edgar Wind to perpetuate in his otherwise most exciting fifth Reith Lecture the widely held but mistaken idea that medallists resign their work with an implied fatalism to the tender mercies of a die-reduction machine. In fact, coin, seal, or medal is actively conceived at its small size by the artist concerned, who is well aware how much the detail may be enlarged solely for the provision of a working model at a size suited to the mechanical part of the process, without loss of character in the finished product.

Any attribution of 'vile manufacture' may therefore be ignored. It is part of the code of all artists privileged to work for the machine that the model not only satisfies every of several exacting mechanical requirements, but that replicas appear visually as originally conceived. That mechanical processes are necessary at all rises from the present output of some 600,000,000 coin a year struck from working dies, each pair of which is worn out after about 70,000 impressions. Die-making is therefore a quantity operation in itself.

May I assure readers of THE LISTENER that it would be a poor artist indeed who would resign himself to any supposed mechanical tyranny or yield to falsification of visual values at any stage of the work—and I imagine this to be true of sculpture where the small-scale maquette is treated only as a step towards the already envisaged ultimate state. By all means let us be critical of design work at any size, but not assume that the artist makes no allowance for changes of scale, or is at the mercy of the machine. It is partnership, not slavery.

Yours, etc.,

Wittersham

WILLIAM M. GARDNER

Sir,—I am the 'mechanic' responsible, under the author's instructions, for the two diagrams of a rhombicuboctahedron reproduced from *Mathematical Models* in THE LISTENER of December 15. I fail to understand, divorced as

they are from their context, what is intended by the comparison with the Old Masters' representations. My figures are part of a comprehensive and co-ordinated series, and are meant as purely theoretical working drawings from which, in conjunction with a flat 'net', which you have not reproduced, sixth-form students can construct the solid from card and so be enabled to appreciate its three-dimensional beauties. The projections show at a glance certain mathematical properties, such as which faces are parallel, which in opposition, etc., that cannot be clearly apparent in any realistic picture by an Old Master or anyone else. It would be interesting to visualize the consequences of attempting to apply the cumbersome technique of the da Vinci reproduction to some of the more complex forms which *Mathematical Models* called for: for example, the great stellated triacontahedron or five cubes in a dodecahedron. It is perverse to complain because a blue-print does not happen to be a perspective. Their functions are totally different. Professor Wind implies as much in his final paragraph.—Yours, etc.,

Reading

R. W. FORD

Sir,—I have read with much pleasure Professor Edgar Wind's Reith Lectures on art as given in recent numbers of THE LISTENER. They have been most interesting and informative and it may, therefore, seem a little ungracious and even ungrateful to venture to criticize so able an exponent of the subject. But my criticism is only one of omission, not of commission. It is a pity that in the last lecture ('Art and the Will'), Professor Wind omitted to make even a passing mention of Schopenhauer, who had a great deal to say on art and the will, both of which were the very corner-stones of his philosophy of art, as expounded in the third book of his main work. Professor Wind's remarks in the second section ('Authentic Experience') of his last lecture seem to indicate that he is not unacquainted with the great German philosopher's contribution to the metaphysics of aesthetics.

No serious student of the philosophy of art can afford to ignore what Schopenhauer has to say on the subject.—Yours, etc.,

Crowborough

E. F. J. PAYNE

Secretary of the Schopenhauer Society

Imagination in Art and Science

Sir,—I should like to comment upon the talk by Sir Cyril Hinshelwood published in THE LISTENER of December 8. His subject matter lies at the heart of the aesthetic problem, and is particularly relevant to the present series of Reith Lectures, to which I should also like to refer.

Whilst agreeing with Sir Cyril that the role of the imagination is no less important for the sciences than for the arts, I cannot agree when he implies that this faculty can in any way be equated with the aesthetic. Sir Cyril labels as false the distinction often drawn between art and science, on the grounds of aesthetic participation, and maintains that the mathematician formulating an equation is as much engaged in the search for beauty as is the artist.

Curiosity and the excitement of discovery are, in my opinion, quite different from the aesthetic emotion, that is to say, the emotion generated by the contemplation of pure form for its own sake. For the scientist is not concerned with the valuation of form as such, form, that is, which is immediately apprehended as a part of sense data. The artist, however, is so concerned and it is his passion for form which marks him out from his fellows.

Having said this much, and referring now to the fourth of the Reith Lectures, one must surely uphold the view of Clive Bell, rejected by Professor Wind, that the representational element in a work of art is irrelevant.

I am not suggesting that an extra-aesthetic content is unimportant when an appraisal is made of the ultimate value of a work of art; indeed it may well have a greater significance. I am suggesting that it is the aesthetic element alone which is paramount in any consideration of the work of art as art; it is the aesthetic



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element alone which determines whether a particular activity is artistic rather than scientific or of some other kind.

It is this very preoccupation with form which Professor Wind, if I understand him correctly, has blamed for what he calls the marginal position at present occupied in our lives by art. This tendency to abstraction or to the distortion of natural appearances is, in my view however, a healthier state than that which exists at the close of a naturalistic phase, such as the one which is usually considered to have commenced with the Renaissance and from which we have only recently emerged, when aesthetic appreciation may completely atrophy.

Yet this whole question is dependent upon the art-form in question. One must agree that complete abstraction, in the case of the graphic arts, seems to be almost as unnatural a limitation of expression as it does in the literary arts (I am thinking here of nonsense rhymes); or, as an instance of the opposing tendency, the introduction of quasi-representational elements into a musical composition to be a superfluous addition.

In the particular case of the graphic arts, with which Professor Wind seems mainly concerned, the proper course would appear to be the one which is steered in the centre of the stream and results neither in what may be justifiably termed mere naturalism nor mere formalism.

Yours, etc.,

Brighton, 6

D. M. DAWBARN

Our Two-Party System

Sir,—In Mr. Maurice Shock's interesting talk [printed on page 1167] there was one unfortunate feature—it gave further currency to the mistaken idea that the anomalous results of British general elections are caused, mainly if not entirely, by the existence of a third party and the consequent election of some M.P.s on a minority vote. This is not so. While the election of an M.P. against the wishes of the majority of voters in his constituency is certainly an evil from the point of view of that constituency, and may over the country as a whole add to the discrepancy between what the people vote for and the House of Commons they get, the system can and does produce great distortions even if only two parties exist.

We approached the two-party position in 1931, when only thirty-three seats were won on a minority vote, yet that election produced an exceptionally large distortion, a roughly two to

one majority of votes in favour of the National Government being converted into a nine to one majority of seats. In the South African general elections of 1948 and 1953 not one single Member was elected on a minority vote, yet the Government in each case was (in 1953, the side with the fewer votes won more than twice as many contested seats as its opponents), and while the difference in size of the South African constituencies did contribute somewhat to this result, it was far too small to account for more than a fraction of the anomaly. Nobody suggests that the present Government can have gerrymandered the three divisions of Cardiff so as to favour Labour, yet in that city, with each Member elected by a clear majority, 70,359 Labour voters are represented by two M.P.s, 77,042 Conservative voters by only one.

That sort of thing is inevitable so long as we elect only one M.P. from each constituency. In the All Saints division of Birmingham, in a straight fight, the 17,235 Conservative votes elected an M.P.; the 17,215 Labour votes were of no more effect than if those people had all stayed at home. The majority of 20 was sufficient to win one seat; the majority of 50,734 in North Down could win no more than one seat. The system is not 'suitable only to two parties'; it is not suitable for any number of parties.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.8

ENID LAKEMAN

The Price of Tradition in Industry

Sir,—Mr. Austen Albu's talk (*THE LISTENER*, December 8) on our future prospects is of great importance. The grim fate that awaits us owing to the failure of most of our industrial leaders to keep themselves up to date in their own technologies should be clear for all who care to look.

A word of warning is needed, however, as to the implied importance of a university degree in engineering work. The late Sir David Pye—who was perhaps more of a scientist than an engineer—in his Presidential Address to the Institution of Mechanical Engineers in 1952 called attention to 'the yawning gap between the product of a university course and a qualified engineer', and emphasized the importance of the art of engineering as opposed to the science.

The former is not—and cannot be—taught in a university, but can, like other arts, be acquired only by practice. Our universities tend to turn out so-called engineers who are quite

incapable of inspiring, guiding, or teaching their draughtsmen and craftsmen, on whom all material achievement still depends.

The mechanical sciences are some of the engineer's most important working tools; but he must be an engineer first before he can use them effectively.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.2

HUGH CLAUSEN

Victor Gollancz: Face to Face

Sir,—As a traditional and observant Jew I find certain dogmas and doctrines of Christianity unacceptable, but an elementary sense of good taste and reverence for other men's convictions prevent me from describing them as 'idiotic' or 'obnoxious'. The fact that Mr. Victor Gollancz has spoken in these terms, in the hearing of millions of people, about Jewish religious practices does not discredit orthodox Judaism but says much about the emotional state of Mr. Victor Gollancz.

Anyone familiar with Jewry throughout the world will know of the number of orthodox Jews of high cultural achievement and scientific training who find the fulfilment of life's purpose in their Judaism and see in it their greatest joy and blessing. Judaism, indeed any religion, can only be truly known from within, and Mr. Gollancz, whose moment of rebellion, so he tells us, came at the approximate age of six—so many of his utterances bear the stamp of the six-year-old theologian—can hardly have experienced the inner Judaism or have gained any insight into its disciplines and forms.

Some weeks ago I had the pleasure of speaking to the Newman Society in Oxford. Many of the people who attended the lecture spoke to me later and sent me personal letters and told me how pleased they were to have heard an orthodox Jew speaking about the observances of Judaism and how they had gained an understanding of Jewish practices which, naturally enough, could not have been given to them by a Christian speaker or, may I add, by a person who has been a non-practising Jew for almost half a century. It is a pity that one never hears the testimony of the faith of the orthodox Jew on the radio or television. It is also a matter of great regret that Mr. Victor Gollancz should have forgotten the principle of *Derech Eretz*—good manners—which is an integral part of traditional Judaism.

Yours, etc.,

Wallingford

KOPUL ROSEN

Two Poems

The Fish Fish

Look, man, look
Underneath the brook
Sits the fish fish
On a hook.

What, man, what?
Let him off?
No fear fear
I'm going to look.

Yes, now I think I will go down to him
To have a look at him
In the depths
Of the perishable brook.

So go, man, pray go,
No more say:

Loose the fish fish from the hook
To swim away.

Underneath the brook dim
Sits the fish
He sits on the hook
It is not in him.

He is waiting for me
To carry me to the sea
I shall be happy then
In the watery company of his kingdom.

Goodbye, man dear,
Goodbye quickly,
I go to the fish fish
To be happy.

STEVIE SMITH

The Lonely Scarecrow

My poor old bones—I've only two—
A broomshank and a broken stave.
My ragged gloves are a disgrace.
My one peg-foot is in the grave.

I wear the labourer's old clothes:
Coat, shirt and trousers all undone.
I bear my cross upon a hill
In rain and shine, in snow and sun.

I cannot help the way I look.
My funny hat is full of hay.
— O, wild birds, come and nest in me!
Why do you always fly away?

JAMES KIRKUP

The Test of the Spade

GLYN DANIEL on two recent archaeological books

THE PROPER STUDY OF THE Bronze Age sepulchral mounds of Britain began with the work of Sir Richard Colt Hoare and William Cunnington in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century. It is therefore fitting that Mr. Paul Ashbee in his new, welcome, and most useful book, *The Bronze Age Round Barrow in Britain**, has, as his frontispiece, portraits of these pioneer archaeologists. Of course antiquaries—notably Stukeley—had studied round barrows before, but it was Colt Hoare and Cunnington who put our British barrows to the test of the spade, as it was Worsaae (whom Ashbee does not mention and whose work in Denmark he seems to confuse with that of Christian Thomsen) who put to this test the barrows of Jutland and there demonstrated stratigraphically that the museum-ordering of Thomsen was an established fact of archaeological observation.

Few archaeologists at the present day would deny that Cunnington and Colt Hoare applied the test of surgical excavation too frequently to our barrows: between them they investigated 379. From the time of this major operation onwards our barrows have been intensively studied by excavation, field-survey, air photography and comparative archaeology. In 1936 Mr. L. V. Grinsell gave us his invaluable *The Ancient Burial Mounds of England* and this regional survey was reprinted in a second edition in 1955. Mr. Ashbee's book is different in purpose and scope from that of Mr. Grinsell: he takes in the whole of the British Isles and Ireland, and his material is organized not regionally but analytically. He deals with external form, topography, structure, art, burials, grave-furniture, cultures and chronology. His work is complementary to that of Mr. Grinsell, and both Ashbee and Grinsell must be on the shelves of all archaeologists concerned with field monuments of the Bronze Age. A great deal of work has gone into Mr. Ashbee's book; there is a wealth of valuable information here and a wealth of illustration. The maps are not entirely successful, being unbalanced in design and not easy to read. And the bibliographical apparatus is badly organized—even to the point of giving no names of authors in the lists in Appendixes III, IV and V.

Mr. Ashbee's last chapter leaves the second millennium B.C. and deals with the problems of the twentieth century A.D. He has many sharp things to say about the relation of the State to archaeology; matters which are being discussed at the moment by a Treasury committee. He wants a State archaeological service led by a Queen's antiquary: he also wants a proper and functioning museum of national antiquities. He castigates the British Museum for providing for our national antiquities 'only a slender sub-department devotedly striving to show its treasures, most of which have now been for a

generation incarcerated in the dust and decay of depository and deep-shelter, against the neolilac of Bloomsbury's pantheon'. How much he must have enjoyed writing those words, as also the telling phrase when he describes the Trustees of the British Museum as 'led by an archaic theopolitical triumvirate'. It is well to remind ourselves from time to time that the three Principal Trustees of the British Museum are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord High Chan-



Silenus, in a terracotta antefix from Gela, southern Sicily
From 'Digging for History'

cellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, and, distinguished though these men may be, it cannot be pretended by anyone that they have special qualifications to rule over our principal repository of antiquities and books. Mr. Ashbee does well, at the end of a long and stimulating book, to remind us of these unpleasant facts. Let us hope we shall soon put our archaeological house in good order; Denmark, Sweden, and Holland provide exemplars. We are still in the seventeenth century, and while we have apprehended the Reformation and the Renaissance we have not fully taken in the revolution in thought that archaeology meant. It took sixty years for the British Museum to adopt Thomsen's three-age system. It could take sixty minutes in the House of Commons to remove the theopolitical triumvirate and put our study of antiquity on a sound basis.

It was in 1900 that the present editor of *The Illustrated London News*, Sir Bruce Ingram (whose honorary degree at Oxford recently gave such pleasure to so many), was taken by his father to Egypt, saw for the first time the monumental and museum remains of ancient

Egypt, was enthralled, and made up his mind that if he ever had control of the journal he would see that its readers were given the vicarious pleasure of archaeological excavation and travel. The following year he became editor and for the last sixty years has seen that archaeology is set out constantly in his journal with an impeccable scholarly popularization which is a model to all. For many years Mr. Edward Bacon has been the archaeological editor of *The Illustrated London News*, and in his new book†, dealing with discovery in the years 1945-1959, he draws extensively on the files of his journal, recalling the main discoveries and excavations that he has studied and published during the last fifteen years. He has collected together intelligently and arranged geographically a record of the principal discoveries since the second world war, and he presents his material in clear summary form—perhaps all the clearer since it is written by a man who does not claim to be a professional archaeologist but, because of this (shaming thought!) has a clear understanding of what the ordinary reader wants.

Mr. Bacon does not, naturally, confine himself to what was in *The Illustrated London News* during the last fifteen years, but that so much of what we read was in that journal is testimony of the alertness and comprehensiveness of its cover of archaeology. But no journal can be completely comprehensive, and Mr. Bacon had, no doubt, to deal with reluctant and recalcitrant authors. I suppose this is why his chapter on Great Britain does not refer to West Kennet, Yeaveering, Cairnpapple, Stanwyck or Barclodiad y Gawres, and why his chapter on France omits Barnenez. But it is

not clear why Rouffignac, with all its storm and fury, has passed him by, nor why the Irish Republic should not have a chapter—surely Lough Gur and Tara and Four Knocks are of outstanding importance? Apart from these omissions, there are moments when Mr. Bacon seems to be suggesting that he is ill-equipped to guide us through the maze of post-war excavation, as when he talks of a Semitic 'race' and of Celtic art as 'odd' and of an 'Ancient British chariot', and misinforms us that radio-carbon dating has 'generally confirmed the dates reached by the various means known as the historic method', when what it has done, for example, is to show how wrong most archaeologists were in the dating of the Neolithic in the Middle East and in Europe.

But this is a modest and useful book by an unassuming and hard-working author. We must all be grateful to him for bringing together so much information about so many exciting discoveries. It is a pity that the references to the original articles, the lists of books for further reading, and the maps and diagrams essential to such a book as this should have been omitted.

**The Bronze Age Round Barrow in Britain*. By Paul Ashbee. Phoenix £2 10s.

†*Digging for History*. By Edward Bacon. A. and C. Black. £2 10s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Greece in My Life. By Compton Mackenzie. Chatto and Windus. 25s.

Reviewed by C. M. WOODHOUSE

THE KEY TO SIR COMPTON MACKENZIE'S new book on Greece is given in a sentence describing his approach to the B.B.C. television programme which prompted him to write it: 'I was determined the glory that was Greece should not completely outshine the glory that for me is Greece'. For him, as it used to be for Byron, there is no distinction between the Greeks of today and the Greeks of twenty-five centuries ago. The heroes of the 1821 revolution are just as real as those of the battle of Marathon; the resounding 'No!' of Metaxas to the Italians in 1940 just as real as the *molón lavé* ('Come and get it!') of the ancient Spartan King; and equally the comic scoundrels of Aristophanes are just as real as the crafty contemporaries with whom Sir Compton had to deal in the first world war, which is no doubt why Aristophanes is his favourite author. Nothing is more valuable in his approach to Greece than his sense of the essential continuity of Greek history, which few other living writers could transmit one half so successfully.

To do this successfully it is not enough merely to have had a classical education, to have lived in Greece in historic circumstances, and to be a practised writer. All these are necessary qualifications, and Sir Compton Mackenzie of course possesses them all. But they are not enough. It is also necessary to approach the Greeks with the reasoning of the heart rather than the head. As with Cavaliers and Roundheads, one has to take sides passionately for them or against them. If one is for them, one may, given the other necessary qualifications, produce as delightful a book as Sir Compton Mackenzie's. In the other event, one is unlikely to produce anything at all. It is fortunately impossible to think of any notable work of hellenophobe literature.

For the purist, the only defects of Sir Compton Mackenzie's approach are the natural weaknesses of passion: anger, haste, and occasional unreasonableness. As an angry young man of many years standing, he has let himself go ferociously against a number of familiar targets: those who succeeded in abolishing compulsory Greek and would now do the same to Latin; those who opposed his hero Venizelos in the first world war; successive British governments which failed to support Greek claims in the 'twenties and after the second world war; and above all those who stood in the way of *énosis* for Cyprus. On the last point, he allowed his heart to carry away his head in exactly the same way as the Greeks did also. If they had both proceeded in the light of cool reason from 1945 onwards, probably no power on earth could have prevented Greece from getting Cyprus in the end. But if they had so proceeded, neither Sir Compton Mackenzie nor the Greeks would have been the men they are.

None of this applies, however, to the considerable sections of the book dealing with the hitherto unrecorded episodes of his life: his

youth and schooldays, his return to Greece in his old age for the purposes of the television programme, and above all his trial at the Old Bailey for a breach of the Official Secrets Act. The last is his *pièce de résistance*, worthy to set beside Dickens's description of another celebrated trial in a court-room through which Sir Compton Mackenzie also passed at one stage. But there are other new treats for connoisseurs as well: young Mackenzie studying classics under a Mr. Sankey who later became Lord Chancellor, for instance, and old Mackenzie letting fly at Field-Marshal Montgomery or at politicians who 'have never learned to distinguish between the present particular and the present general, or read the *Philippics* of Demosthenes'. Perhaps the one cavil that may be raised by a reviewer who shares practically all the author's enthusiasms and prejudices is that it is a pity he should have had to sell his *Atalanta in Calydon* 'in some financial emergency long ago', and consequently have been trapped into misquoting Swinburne more often than he knows.

The Diplomacy of the Great Powers

By Sir William Hayter

Hamish Hamilton. 10s. 6d.

The reflections of retired diplomats have a poor reputation; debarred (in most countries) from revealing the inner heart of important transactions with which they may have had to deal, they give the impression of having passed agreeable, and perhaps useful, but often unexciting and sometimes trivial, lives. Yet a diplomat who retires while still full of energy, and with his interest in public affairs undimmed, should be able from his experience to give his countrymen some clues to the understanding of foreign affairs of a kind that neither the scholar nor the journalist can provide. We in this country have been singularly fortunate in two recent cases, the late Sir David Kelly and the present Warden of New College.

Both of these eminent figures finished their official careers as Ambassador to Moscow, and although, as Sir William Hayter points out, there is in the strict sense much less diplomacy to be done in Moscow than in other major capitals (where the governments are neither blinded by dogma nor enslaved by suspicion), it is this Soviet experience that helped to give breadth both to Sir David Kelly's writings and now gives it to Sir William Hayter's penetrating little book. One could I think find fault with some of Sir William's other conclusions; I suspect that he is a little too satisfied with the British foreign service; his answers to the criticisms he quotes are convincing enough, but there are others he does not mention. And I think that he is a little harsh on the American political system; by and large Congressional committees do more good than harm. But on the Soviet Union (and in a very different way on France) every word he has to say is measured and illuminating; indeed his few pages on the characteristics of Soviet diplomacy are not only worth endless volumes ground out by professional sovietologists, but ought to be

required reading for public men all the way from the Prime Minister to Frank Cousins (inclusive).

He is I think particularly good in defining the nature of the Soviet challenge on the non-military side—a subject more often canvassed than understood—and on the fact that Soviet speeches at the United Nations and elsewhere are a form of propaganda addressed not to the ostensible audience but to the world outside. Why, I wonder, though, does he think that the shameless mendacity of Soviet diplomacy is partly 'a national characteristic of a pre-revolutionary kind' and not just a product of Marxist indoctrination? British communists and fellow-travellers are no less mendacious than Russian communists. And is there any evidence that Russian diplomats before the Revolution were more dishonest than the run of the profession? Sir William owes us a longer book.

MAX BELOFF

The Glittering Prizes: A Biographical Study of F. E. Smith, First Earl of Birkenhead.

By William Camp.

MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.

Of all the politicians of the past generation none had a career more colourful (and the banal word is deliberate) than Lord Birkenhead. Born into a solid middle-class family, he vaulted to a First in Jurisprudence at Oxford, presidency of the Union, and a practice at the bar which was bringing in £20,000 a year before 1914. A member of parliament whose biting eloquence and calculated rudeness delighted the disheartened Conservatives of 1906, he was a privy councillor at thirty-eight, five years later. Yet what 'glittering prizes' did his talents bring him? The attorney-generalship in the wartime Coalition; the lord chancellorship in 1919, when he was forty-six. He could go no further, even if his loyalty to Lloyd George and Austen Chamberlain had not kept him out of office from 1922 to 1924. Baldwin gave him the secretaryship of state for India in his second government; but he retired in 1928, to try to salvage his fortunes, ruined by lifelong extravagance, with directorships in the City. He died in 1930 in his fifty-eighth year. If ambition was his engine, a bridled tongue and a cooler judgment were needed; and he should not so easily have accepted the Wool-sack. Yet he was a great lord chancellor, and his reform of the law of property no unworthy memorial.

The biography of such a man must score on readability what it lacks in importance. Mr. Camp is too experienced a novelist to write a dull life; his narrative is clear, he respects the facts, he does not intrude himself. To a large extent his work is, inevitably, a digest of the second Lord Birkenhead's life of his father. Since its revised form (*F.E.*, 1959) runs to over 550 pages to Mr. Camp's 200 the reader may well be grateful. Mr. Camp does justice to the principal legal cases in which Birkenhead was concerned, especially the Marconi scandal and the trial of Casement. He shows how ready he was, for all his swashbuckling speeches, to compromise in party politics, even over Ulster in

1913. Where he goes beyond Lord Birkenhead's work, it is to notice F.E.'s fatal addiction to drink (barely hinted at by his son), to give two or three curious tales of his interest in women, and to note his friendship with Maundy Gregory, the go-between in the sale of honours.

To his friends Birkenhead had much to offer: brilliance of mind, swiftness of retort, an arrogance that was not obnoxious to his equals (he offered to play the Duke of Marlborough for 'your bloody palace, if you like'), and above all loyalty and affection. For us he seems a sport of nature, impossible outside his own time. The Victorians would not have tolerated him, our own age would have given him no role, except perhaps as tycoon. Mr. Camp sees him, Lloyd George, and Churchill as both dominating and destroying 'the golden age for outsiders which began in 1906 and ended in 1922'. But in that age they were the insiders. Is it a misfortune that they could not be (Churchill excepted) in ours?

C. L. MOWAT

The Master Builders

By Peter Blake.

Gollancz. 25s.

This is the lazy reviewer's dream, a book which carries an accurate critical assessment on its own dust-jacket '... a wonderfully just balance between exposition and commentary, enthusiasm and criticism. He can praise them all and never one at the expense of another'. In other words it is a complete success, and on one of the most hackneyed subjects in architecture. Apparently among the welter of books on this trio (Le Corbusier, Mies van der Rohe, and Frank Lloyd Wright), nobody has managed to look at them impartially yet with immense sympathy, and in particular to write a book which will—the dust-jacket again—'appeal equally to those who know very little about architecture and to those who know a great deal'.

Peter Blake's own biography may help to explain this, and as it is not mentioned in the book I had better try to fill the gap. He is an expatriate German, born in 1920, who has become simultaneously one of America's best architectural journalists (first on *House and Home*, now on *Architectural Forum*) and an elegant and intelligent architect and designer—though, necessarily, on a small scale. He has no paper qualifications, and hence is at a very special point of balance between architect and critic. It shows all the way through the book—there are never technicalities for their own sake, but neither are the personal anecdotes and eccentricities made into ends in themselves. Either side reinforces and illuminates the other. And for all the author's modesty in suggesting that his book is just a summary of other books, there are plenty of facts and illustrations which this battered reviewer did not know about: Mies's strange and effective brick monument in Berlin to Liebtnecht and Rosa Luxembourg, for instance (is it still there?), or photographs of the inside of Wright's Unity Temple.

The architects appear as personalities clearly enough, and very disturbing two of them are. Only Mies comes over as a real, humble, self-comprehending person and it is an unfair irony that he is the one most often taxed with inhumanity. Wright was clearly quite unbearable, and Le Corbusier certainly gives a good imitation of being unbearable in public however humane he may be in private. Both Wright and Corbusier have perpetually raked over old disappointments, both have been absolutely certain of their own overpowering genius. In Wright's case arrogance was carried to the point of megalomania: a statement like his 'not only do

pleted we will see these three not as master-builders but as tremendously talented prophets. We still await the man they were sent to announce.

IAN NAIRN

Kwame Nkrumah and the Future of Africa. By John Phillips.

Faber. 25s.

'Can any good thing come out of South Africa?' it is sometimes asked; the sane, practical liberalism, which springs directly from the South African nurture and experience of this book's author, supplies a timely answer. Of British stock, John Phillips was born on that Cape frontier on which at least three generations of his family fought and, he adds, 'suffered', in the so-called 'Kaffir' wars. There he grew up with a knowledge at once of Afrikaans and of Xhosa, and of the Boer, Coloured, and Bantu users of these tongues. By chance he first applied his Edinburgh training in biology and agriculture in East Africa, a favourite field of the botanist-philosopher General Smuts; thus a Johannesburg professorship, which widened his experience of his difficult homeland, made him also the friend and intellectual disciple of Smuts. Under this influence he became more than ever the complete ecologist, a scientist intent on

seeing things *whole*. With this equipment, his later work—a salvage operation on the wreck of the Groundnuts Scheme and eight years as Nkrumah's Professor of Agriculture at the University College of Ghana—has given him unrivalled knowledge of African conditions; and this, in spite of the title, makes the greater part of his book in fact a comprehensive survey of 'Trans-Saharan' Africa—terse, authoritative, only once or twice a little dated, always realistic.

Intimate personal impressions of Kwame Nkrumah are used above all to stress his significance as the representative New African, the champion of Africanism and of an African 'personality'. Consciously stepping out beyond the position taken by his master, Smuts, in 1930, Professor Phillips insists that white leadership is now impossible, that freedom, 'politically', cannot now be delayed. But he also challenges, or even warns, his African hero. White help, it is true, must be made *acceptable*; but 'there are definite limits to the acceleration of the speed' of African advance and, without the necessary help, great risk of economic breakdown, and 'thralldom'. For such reasons this practical liberal scouts last year's Scots proposal for 'a daring and creative transfer of power' in Nyasaland as impractical; on the other hand he considers the latent strength of the Portuguese position in Africa to be wrongly underestimated.

In the end, the book is to be commended at once to over-sanguine liberals, and to those South Africans who abhor anything 'liberalistic'! As a loyal South African Professor Phillips



Ronchamp Chapel, in the Vosges mountains; by Le Corbusier

Photograph by Lucien Hervé from 'The Master Builders'

I intend to be the greatest architect who has yet lived but the greatest who will ever live' might just be excusable if its author were on the level of Michelangelo or Rembrandt; but F.L.W. came nowhere near this.

In fact, how good are they, by the highest standards, the standards to which two out of the three stake such an imperious claim? Wright was a brilliant young man who achieved a superb mastery over space which remained with him long after his other gifts had withered or committed *felo de se*. Le Corbusier is a sculptor of genius who fits interiors to his magic plastic shapes with quite unexpected humanity. What photographs cannot show, and what Corbusier himself often seems to be trying to conceal, is that Ronchamp and La Tourette and the Unités are not just Gallic pyrotechnics but incredibly lovable and loving buildings. But in the larger step, the organization of single units into towns and communities, his thinking is still the clever sterile geometry of a bright architectural student. And Mies, the bricklayer's son from Aachen, has simply tried, as he has said, to do a limited number of things extremely well. Perhaps it is his humility that has been rewarded with the paradox, perceived by Mr. Blake, that his big buildings are not sterile gridded boxes but vertical torrents of Gothic emotion.

Universal genius, on the highest level, is missing, and we delude ourselves if we think that any comprehensive solution has yet been provided. The fundamental creative work of modern architecture is not finished, as Mr. Blake seems to imply, but hardly begun: if it is ever com-

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From Mr. Clement Davies, M.P., and others

Sir,

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Three years' successive drought has completely destroyed all crops, and all grazing lands are barren, with the result that their herds of camels, sheep and goats are dead and they are left without means of survival. Thousands are starving; some have actually starved to death.

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Contributions will be most gratefully accepted and should be sent to the Rt. Hon. James Griffiths, M.P., Hon. Treasurer, War on Want, 9 Madeley Road, London, W.5. Please mark cheques and postal orders "Bedouin Arab Appeal" or enclose a slip of paper with any money sent "For Bedouin Arab Fund."

Yours faithfully,

CLEMENT DAVIES
JOHN BIGGS-DAVISON
ARTHUR HENDERSON

London, W.5

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Rhubarb! Rhubarb! Rhubarb!

HAVE YOU ever realised just how much people categorise you by your garden? They may have no idea whether you are an introvert or an extravert, but they soon notice when you stop running your garden, and start running away.



And honest spade-work is by no means enough, if you wish to present a good face (or garden) to the world. Planting the wrong thing is worse than planting nothing at all.

Every plant, however attractive when young, can bring disgrace. It may grow up to be a weed. Or, far more humiliating, it may turn out to be the wrong sort of rhubarb. Consider the following passage by Lawrence D. Hills in his regular gardening feature *Down to Earth* in *The Observer*:

'Early Albert is easy and true from seed, so more plants raised cheaply in this way will provide alternate rows that can be rested after forcing. Real enthusiasts will prefer Glaskin's Perpetual.'

The rhubarb in my garden is always resting, and I'm quite sure it isn't Glaskin's Perpetual.

But this is the encouraging thing about the *Down to Earth* column. Himself a Glaskin's Perpetual man, Mr. Hills has a great deal of patience with the reluctant gardener. He is full of good ideas about what to plant, and when, and how. He makes sure you get this advice in plenty of time. And somehow he manages to keep jargon out of these helpful technicalities.

The *Observer* gives you a sort of defence in depth against the traps of gardening. Victoria Sackville-West writes lovingly of flowers in her column. She identifies closely with them, is very much alive to their beauty, and yet she too is thoroughly down to earth. She knows the dangers of slugs and snails, frosts and gales. She too sings the praises of bone meal, dried blood and muck.

Like Mr. Hills, she has the happy knack of being able to write interestingly about her enthusiasm.

And there's one other good thing about these columns. While you're reading them, you are—it can be argued—actually gardening. So if your conscience (or somebody) suggests that you ought to be out there doing something, here is a very good reason for putting off the evil moment, possibly for ever.

J.B.L.

after all sacrificed his office by refusing to sign the anti-South African declaration demanded by his friend Nkrumah. Continuing, he writes, to 'hope for a practicable solution', he now challenges his own Prime Minister to live up to his protestations and ensure African development and welfare. Experience in their common country illumines every page of this survey of the 'mighty pressures' building up and demanding to be met—speedily.

W. M. MACMILLAN

Incorrigible Rebel. By Arthur Horner. MacGibbon and Kee. 25s.

Arthur Horner has the unusual distinction of having combined foundation membership of the Communist Party with the secretaryship of the National Union of Mineworkers at a time when feeling against 'the Commies' was strong enough to deny him, year after year, his natural place on the General Council of the T.U.C. How he managed to achieve this is the main interest in an autobiography which makes a far better book to read than the average run of Labour and trade union memoirs.

Arthur Horner was born and brought up in the South Wales coalfield in the years when class-hatred reached an intensity hardly known in any other industrial area in these islands. This experience burned itself into him and turned him into a lifelong rebel against a system and a society which could allow men and women to live in such conditions.

Much of the story will be familiar to anyone who has read Page Arnot's *The Miners*, but it is given added vividness and passion by the personal character of the narrative. And Mr. Horner is able to add two highly interesting chapters on the history of the mines since 1945 in which he describes with pride the humanization of the industry under nationalization.

Compared with his experiences as a miners' leader, Mr. Horner's account of his communist activities is meagre and disappointing. It sheds no fresh light on the history of the British Communist Party and, for all the sincerity of his arguments, carries too little conviction and leaves too many awkward questions unanswered to convert anyone who does not already share his point of view.

Judged by his own account, his fight for the miners has counted far more in Arthur Horner's life than his attachment to Marxism or the Communist Party. It is for this reason, whatever his political differences, that he is assured of a permanent place in the history of the British working-class movement.

ALAN BULLOCK

In the Name of Conscience. By Nikolai Khokhlov. Translated by Emily Kingsbury. Muller. 21s.

On April 22 1954 the sensational story of Nikolai Khokhlov made headlines in the Western press. A Soviet secret agent, charged with the mission of assassinating a leader of the *émigré* anti-Communist organization N.T.S. in Frankfurt, told of his refusal to carry out his orders at a press conference organized by the American authorities. The details of the careful planning of the mission and the ingenious device for assassination—a cigarette case designed to discharge a small poisoned bullet—naturally captured popular imagination. But the most

poignant part of the story was the fact that this man had risked the consequences of his open defiance of the orders of the Soviet Secret Service not only to himself, but to his wife, who had indeed urged him to this courageous act of moral heroism. Of the fate of his wife and child nothing is known, save that they disappeared soon after from the flat where they lived in Moscow. Khokhlov himself only narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of the Soviet Secret Service in September 1957.

This book is the translation into English of his story as originally published in Russian by an *émigré* press a few years ago. The story is told simply and without much literary embellishment or skill, and it certainly makes an impression of artless sincerity. Khokhlov was drawn into the services of the secret police during the war, and carried out assignments against the Germans in occupied Russia with courage and complete devotion. The assassination of Kube, the bloody governor of Belorussia, was planned by him. When, after the war, he was required to continue his secret missions no longer against the Germans, but against the political enemies of the Soviet regime, his attitude changed. He attempted to resign the service and return to more pacific pursuits, but was not allowed to do so. Meanwhile he had married a young woman of great beauty of character and moral steadfastness. When the time came for him to be charged with the Frankfurt assassination, it was she who stiffened his resolve to refuse to carry out the repugnant task, regardless of the consequences.

Mr. Khokhlov writes with great bitterness of the behaviour of the American authorities after he decided to refuse to carry out his mission. There is no doubt that they were guilty either of gross incompetence or of callous deception when they assured him, before he appeared at his press conference, that arrangements had been made for the American Embassy to take in his wife and child and offer them asylum until they could be got out of the country. In fact no move at all was made in Moscow to this end by the Americans. Khokhlov, not unnaturally, blames the Americans for the fate suffered by his wife and child, since it was on the strength of this assurance that he consented to hold the press conference, at which he spoke openly of the part played by his wife in inspiring him to do this heroic act.

But I wonder whether, in Russian conditions, the result would have been any different without the press conference and without these revelations. When once Khokhlov had decided not to carry out his mission, his return to the Soviet Union was out of the question, and his defection to either the British or the Americans was unavoidable, if he were to survive. Since this fact would have become known to the Soviet authorities, it is unlikely that the fate of his wife and child would have been very different—especially as Mrs. Khokhlov does not appear from the picture which he gives of her to be the type who would have attempted to deny that she fully supported her husband in his act of moral defiance. This is perhaps small comfort to Mr. Khokhlov who has lost everything that was dear to him in life for upholding the sanctity of a moral imperative, by refusing to take the life of another.

I hope it is of greater comfort to him to reflect that his wife, if, as must be hoped, she is alive, will fully understand and approve his

action; and that he himself by an act of martyrdom has won something more than temporal happiness. He has offered evidence, all too rare, alas, of moral resistance by the individual to the totalitarian machine, and of the stubborn survival of ethical standards in one born and bred in the materialistic negativism of communism. For that he will earn the admiration and respect of the few who will read the book not as yet one more secret agent story but, as the author says in his preface to the Russian edition, as a document that 'will help those who still attempt to remain aloof to understand the real human values in our world'.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

Divide and Lose. By Michael Ionides. Geoffrey Bles. 21s.

War in the Desert. By Sir John Glubb. Hodder and Stoughton. 25s.

Few would dispute Mr. Ionides's basic premisses that Britain's treaty relations with Egypt and Iraq could not last indefinitely and that the 'determination to gain full independence stimulated the growth of Arab nationalism', that the Suez intervention made the continuance of these relations with Nuri Said's government in Iraq virtually impossible, but that even before Suez the Northern Tier conception in general and the Baghdad Pact in particular were being outflanked by 'technological advance' and 'new instruments of politico-economic influence between the nations'. More debatable is his conclusion that successive British Governments and British public opinion were impervious to this changing scene. They may have been slow to recognize and even slower to admit the changes, but Mr. Ionides at least does the British public an injustice in asserting that they 'took the shock of Suez in November 1956 with minds almost totally unprepared'. The British public had been well aware that something was brewing long before the action began and to many people the shock came in October when the operation started, not in November when it stopped.

Mr. Ionides also seems to me to do British policy and opinion less than justice in his analysis of the growth of Arab nationalism. It is true that 'politico-economic changes in the world created by technological advance', coupled with political experience, enabled Neguib and Nasser to squeeze us out of Egypt. But it was surely an inherent part of British Middle East policy, whatever its shortcomings, to encourage precisely those 'politico-economic changes' and to make that political experience available.

War in the Desert presents a picture of life in the Arabian peninsula before it was tamed by technology. In the nineteen-twenties Sir John Glubb was a junior officer responsible for trying to keep the peace in a vast area of desert along the border between Iraq and what is now Saudi Arabia. It was a dangerous, frustrating yet fascinating mission. The Bedouin shepherds were completely defenceless against the savage Wahabi raiders. Their sole hope of recouping at least some of their losses was to stage counter-raids, but the British and Iraqi authorities, in the interests of pacification, banned retaliatory raids, without having the power to curb the raiders themselves. And even King Ibn Saud was powerless to control the fanatical Ikhwān.

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or punishing the Wahabi raiders, and with the help of the R.A.F.—though the necessary support from Baghdad was not always forthcoming—he encouraged the tribes along the Iraq border to defend themselves. As a result, not only were the vital grazing lands made safe for the Iraqi tribes but Ibn Saud was able to assert his authority over his own tribesmen.

Time and again Sir John found that, where British officials were merely inefficient and inept, the Arabs immediately suspected them of the most tortuous subtlety. On the other hand, Sir John Glubb points out—and Mr. Ionides would doubtless agree with him—that both British and Americans have too often assumed that the Arabs do not know what is best for themselves and that 'only the West can take efficient measures to deal with a critical situation...'. The fact that the majority of people in Egypt and Iraq probably enjoy less freedom under independent governments today than they did under British 'protection' merely means that the Arabs, like most peoples, would rather go to hell in their own way than go to heaven in someone else's.

D. J. S. THOMSON

The Image in the Modern French Novel

By Stephen Ullmann. Cambridge. 35s.

'Look—no toes!' calls the child in a bus, noticing a horse for the first time. This ability to compare is surely the basis of verbal expression. A tendency to dig round, examine and even uproot words and phrases which had become too easily accepted, now leads to a replanting and ordering of certain areas. Professor Ullmann has set out to make a bridge between linguistics and literary criticism. Yet the parapet is not too high to exclude the remembered river-sound of the works themselves.

As a continuation of *Style in the French Novel*, this book also provides an appetizer for those whose reading has been sporadic. Generalizations never take the place of quotation, in the original French. 'Imagery', he prefaces, 'may take the critic by a straight route to the very core of a work of art, and the metaphors arising from those central themes may develop into major symbols'. One watches the young André Gide struggling with the rudiments of his craft, until, instance by instance, there emerges the discipline of the later work where images are precise, differentiated and carefully worked out in relation to the prose as a whole.

Alain Fournier's associations with the sea in *Le Grand Meaulnes*, are shown as closely linked to the writer's experiences, being explicit rather than implicit, achieving a quality of 'dépaysement', suddenly and unexpectedly removing the reader into a different world.

It was inevitable that Proust, living among pill-boxes and bottles, should use medical images, enabling both author and narrator, in his long novel, to step back and analyse their own sufferings. His scientific parallels are those of 'a highly educated man with an amazing range of interests and a capacity for assimilating and imaginatively interpreting the achievements of science'. A discussion of Proust's use of art, landscape, buildings, natural life, leads to his reflections on memory and his means of characterization through metaphor.

A chapter on the two styles of Albert Camus, the 'parole transparente' as an ideal and the almost violent break through of imagery, brings

one rather abruptly to a useful bibliography. As a whole the investigation is vertical, along the line of progress, and avoids bringing in too many other writers: a welcome change from the demand for an encyclopaedic background which often leaves the general reader dissatisfied both with a critic and himself.

When Professor Ullmann comes to write of Proust's concern with time in a further volume, doubtless he will cross the channel for a page or two, look at W. B. Yeats, Hulme, Pound and the next generation, even take a world flight. Everywhere Proust's dictum seems to hold good: that metaphor '*peut donner une sorte d'éternité au style*'.

PATRICIA HUTCHINS

Twentieth Century Music: A Symposium edited by Rollo Myers.

Calder. 30s.

In this, the best symposium that has come my way for many years, help is offered at the outset in the editor's introduction when he draws attention to a significant feature which connects at least three of the contributions, the vital question of communication between musician and audience. Instantly one asks: what musician? The performer who can be watched communicating? Or that other, that secret being without whose work the performer would perforce be silenced, the composer, the man one so vainly tries to catch at the very moment (a split second, maybe) of inspiration? Of course, he is the man; and looking through this table of contents one discovered his name here, Roberto Gerhard writing about 'The Composer and his Audience'; not the first essay in this volume but for me the central feature, the talking mouth in the book's face.

It was a faultless instinct that set this reader beginning the book thus and others might like to follow suit. For not only is what Mr. Gerhard has to say keenly to the point but in two ways he joins other articles to his themes. He is carefully speculative about even the merest possibility of communication from composer to audience, calling it an unknown quantity, giving the whole question a quizzical glance, wondering indeed whether it can truly be said to exist, though allowing that some kind of rapport may occur and be valuable as a rare kind of shared sensitivity. What can happen is that a state of what he calls attentiveness may be induced, partly through the listener's intelligence, partly through his emotion. That is what Mr. Gerhard desires in his listener, and he is certain that no verbal analysis can help, even when produced by a composer himself. When composing, Mr. Gerhard is detached from any idea of a listener. 'As a composer I am concerned with the making of a piece of music; audience-reaction is none of my concern'.

Mr. Gerhard has pertinent things to say also about the latest musical methodology, serialism. Here he frees the listener from constant attention to scientific matters. 'The whole serial technique, for example, is in the end nothing but a kind of cradle of scaffolding... what matters, needless to say, is the work. Once that is finished we want the scaffolding removed. It is not meant to attract attention'. But still the serialists demand our attention; and for news of that we can turn to an informative essay on developments since Webern by M. André Hodeir, a French composer who is knowledge-

able and at times naïvely enthusiastic. (Is Pierre Boulez really 'this all-round genius'?) Mr. Humphrey Searle cuts straight paths, pleasant to follow, through electronic music and *musique concrète*, the latter a technique that M. Claude Rostand in another article speaks of as being now on the down-grade.

M. Rostand's contribution on music in France is one of a number by various writers dealing with European countries and the two Americas. The U.S.S.R. has due attention, minus satellites. Portugal is passed over and so, surprisingly, is Holland. Pijper and Badings are mentioned in passing by Eric Blom and Humphrey Searle respectively. That is all, and it is not enough, in a survey where space is given to Belgium, a country with less to show in twentieth-century music.

SCOTT GODDARD

Snakes and Ladders

By Marjory Todd. Longmans. 21s.

Mrs. Marjory Todd calls her very well-written reminiscences *Snakes and Ladders*, in allusion to the ups-and-downs of her own life up to 1943—from respectability to squalid poverty, from culture with Joad, C. K. Ogden and the W.E.A. to clerk at the Labour Exchange and back again; and certainly the changes were abrupt and dramatic enough.

But these are the surface; the book is really not about them, but a fierce picture of Mrs. Todd's father, a Scots boilermaker first at sea and then on shore, whose actions and influence so heavily marked her life. It begins with a summons, in a cold fog in 1943, to his lonely unloved deathbed, and after long chapters of autobiography ends, except for a brief postscript, where it began—not producing any mitigating circumstances in the interval. We are shown him as almost a monster, mean, lying, greedy, self-centred, bragging and entirely uncultured (though 'fond of babies') and burdening his children from the day of their mother's death from cancer when Mrs. Todd was twelve. There is no reason to doubt that Mrs. Todd is truthful in what she recounts, and that he was terrible to live with, but... it seems clear that to be widowed at forty-three broke the man up, and Mrs. Todd gives us no idea of what he was like before that happened, what there was in him which caused her much-loved mother to marry him, to love him (and to be loved by him) to the day of her death. One feels that the wretched fellow has a raw deal in the book, as his daughter had no doubt a raw deal in life.

The many passages relating to the father are the strongest, but there is a great deal else that is recalled with extraordinary vividness—a Council infant school in (?) Devonport, a succession of really horrible 'housekeepers', the unsympathetic snobbish head of a grammar school, cheap lodgings and landladies in Canning Town and Rawtenstall, the heady delights of the Fitzroy Tavern and W.E.A. summer schools in the 'twenties, Labour Exchanges and their women clients in the worst days of the slump, life in the young University College at Hull.

Now that Mrs. Todd has found satisfaction as a probation officer, now that she written out, one hopes, her hatred of her father, she should be able to give us much more that is worth reading: as, indeed, is this her first effort.

MARGARET COLE

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Talking Down

CHRISTMAS IS A WATERSHED. What happened on television in the days preceding it flowed quickly into the land of forgetfulness. Two days down the slope on this side, only three or four features remain in memory's sight.

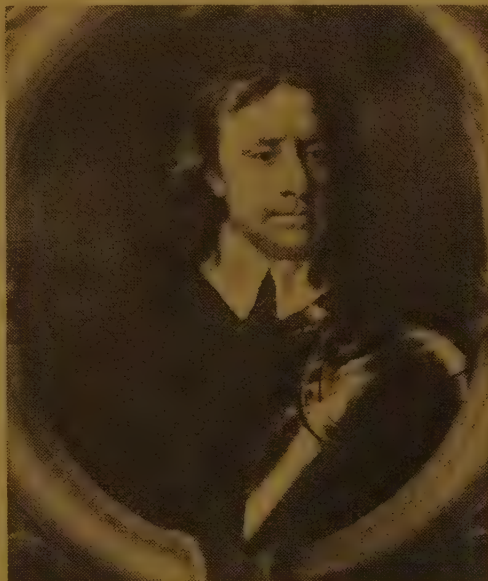
Sir Brian Horrocks's 'Oliver Cromwell' (December 22) is one. Over-simplified (as it had to be in the time available), superficial in its explanations of motives (but then Cromwell himself would never have been able to explain all of them), it was a fair summary of the man's actions, good and bad; and it contained a very clear account of the Civil War battles for which many viewers, who never could remember whether Naseby came before or after Marston Moor, and which side came off the better, must have been grateful.

Sir Brian's genial, schoolmaster manner, well suited to the popularization of history, has its drawbacks for those who dislike being talked down to. There is also the constant apprehension that it may be the reflection of a condescending mind and that condescending minds are sometimes cavalier in their treatment of facts which do not fit in with predetermined points of view. There was nothing in this first programme of what is to be a series on great figures in British military history to suggest that Sir Brian was partial to either side (except, possibly, his choice of subject), but I hope that in future editions he will give his rapt audience the credit for knowing a few facts about his captains and will concentrate on their military exploits. How many millions a year do we spend on education?

'Monitor' (December 18), though seemingly miles away on the other side of Christmas mountain, is remembered because of the disclosure that in this staid, grey, still puritan old country there is more dancing—yes, dancing!—than in most other countries of Europe and even the world. In case anyone, misled by Mr. Butler's daring Licensing Bill, which aims to give us an extra hour's drinking time each day, imagines that the citizens of Bootle and Grimsby have suddenly taken to dancing in the streets in colourful costume, let me explain that the kind of dancing that 'Monitor' found was, mainly, that kind in which two persons, preferably of

opposite sexes, but not necessarily, it seems, hold each other's hands and shuffle together round a room in glum silence.

Ballroom dancing has been big business for many years, but I never realized that it was taught by such mass-production methods as those shown in Ken Russell's film. How anyone can learn the quick-quick-slow stuff in the company of about 500 others divided into classes at different stages of progress beats me. Ron Hitchens, cockney barrow-boy and flamenco dancer of international repute, was an amusing commentator. With him, Ken Russell proved once again what a powerful reinforcement of



Oliver Cromwell: a portrait by Sir Peter Lely shown in 'Great Captains—1' by Sir Brian Horrocks

the visual image the apparently unscripted comments of ordinary people can be.

David Lutyens, in 'Replacements for Life' (December 20), once more lifted the curtain that hides medical research from laymen and showed us the work being done by Professor Medawar and others in the transplantation of tissues from one human to another. The biological antipathy of one body for another's organs, and the various proposed methods of overcoming it were

clearly expounded. Surely this and similar programmes are valuable not only because they enlighten us on specific matters which would otherwise remain unknown to us, but because they remind us of the quiet research undertaken by dedicated people all over the world with little thought of material gain—though, happily, some, like Professor Medawar himself, receive fame and reward from time to time.

The Christmas Day and Boxing Day programmes were of a kind to suit the occasion, which means that few of them came within my purview here. I can, however, vouch for the enormous popularity of 'Billy Smart's Circus' (Christmas afternoon), both with the children who watched it and with the parents who were thereby given an hour's respite. And 'Christmas at Dean's Yard' (Christmas night) was made enjoyable by the singing of the Abbey Choir rather than by Ludovic Kennedy's visit to the Dean of Westminster, which seemed so contrived, or by the Dean's public affirmation of his private beliefs, which seemed irrelevant.

In a noisy, family household, which did not spend much time watching television, I wondered how those who were alone, and who looked to the B.B.C. to make them feel less alone, were getting on. If their tastes ran to light entertainment and jollification, they were served a banquet, but there was nothing for the lonely intellectual, or even near-intellectual, to get his teeth into. Perhaps the B.B.C. feels that lonely people of that sort should read books at Christmas.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

Spread for the Kiddies

THE SPREAD PLACED before one this Christmas by B.B.C. television has transformed me into a small child again, eager and determined to sample all offered. And this the more so since, as always when great efforts have had to be concentrated on producing a gargantuan table-straining banquet, those repasts in the weeks immediately preceding the festivities have erred on the parsimonious side.

Inevitably all the fare was not of the same quality nor was the preparation always of international standard. Yet it would be only the most critical—and who at this time of the year, turkey-filled, brandy-warmed, and paper cap on head, could fail to betray some charity?—only the most obdurately critical would not have found some pleasure in each of the programmes, as, perhaps, Mr. Leslie Crowther in *The Black and White Minstrel Show* (December 23). Mr. Crowther is an agreeable light comedian who gains in accomplishment and an easy natural humour with every television appearance, and the several sketches he took part in all benefited from his seemingly spontaneous brand of humour.

Natural humour, of a rougher, cruder, though some would say more homely kind, is an integral part of *The Wakey Wakey Tavern* (December 24). The Christmas edition, apart from the usual skilfully controlled movements of the Silhouettes, the exuberant singing and the unending high spirits, was bright with the appearance of Mr. Harry Worth's parody of Mr. John Freeman in 'Back to Back'. The obviousness of much of the comedy was well concealed by the delicacy of Mr. Worth in his acting of the perplexed, confused interviewer determined



From 'Replacements for Life': right, a surgeon who performed the first successful kidney transplant in this country explaining a point to David Lutyens. Between them is an 'artificial kidney', a machine used in connexion with the operation. Above: a mouse on which a skin-graft has been successfully carried out (dark patch): the mouse had received an injection at birth to make it tolerant

John Cura



to probe to the depths of what made Mr. Billy Cotton tick, though Mr. Cotton himself lost, I thought, a wonderful opportunity to poke some fun at pop singer Mr. Adam Faith, after the latter's fascinating 'Face to Face' interview a week or two back.

A family programme also was the Christmas Day *Tonight with Belafonte*. This was a happy wholesome mixture of songs, seasonable, sentimental, and humorous, given dignity and weight very often by its Negro-spiritual approach to the material. Perhaps there was a tendency to overdo this. Still, whether giving the stage to Odetta, a fine singer of such spirituals, accompanying her, or singing and dancing with disarming boyishness with groups of children, Mr. Belafonte presented a most pleasing fifty minutes of entertainment, and the programme evoked added delight with its linking drawings of Negro life.

Two other Christmas programmes deserve mention, although one, *The Adventures of Alice* (December 23), adapted and produced by Mr. Charles Lefeaux, was a little disappointing. Too much, it appeared to me, was tried in the way of tricks and film sequences. Television might at first glance certainly seem to be the ideal medium for Lewis Carroll's disappearing cats and talking flowers; this is to forget the image building qualities of the writing itself. Furthermore, the alternations between film and studio shots were not smoothly dove-tailed, and the lighting and focus of the cameras was variable in the extreme. All the same, the old Victorian's infantophilic properties were as irresistible as ever, the return to a womb-like innocence as complete; and with Miss Gillian Ferguson's china figurine of an Alice, the pathetic washed-out White Queen of Miss Marian Spencer, and Mr. Geoffrey Bayldon's Edwardianly courteous White Knight, here was a generally satisfactory production of the classic.

Beautifully presented visually was *The Three Princes* (December 20) on Children's Television, and this artistic success by Mr. John Cooper was fully backed up by Mr. Rex

Tucker's pseudo-Arabian Nights tale and by the stoutly full-blooded acting of Mr. Paul Whitsun-Jones and Mr. Laurence Hardy together with Miss Ann Sears's swooning Princess.

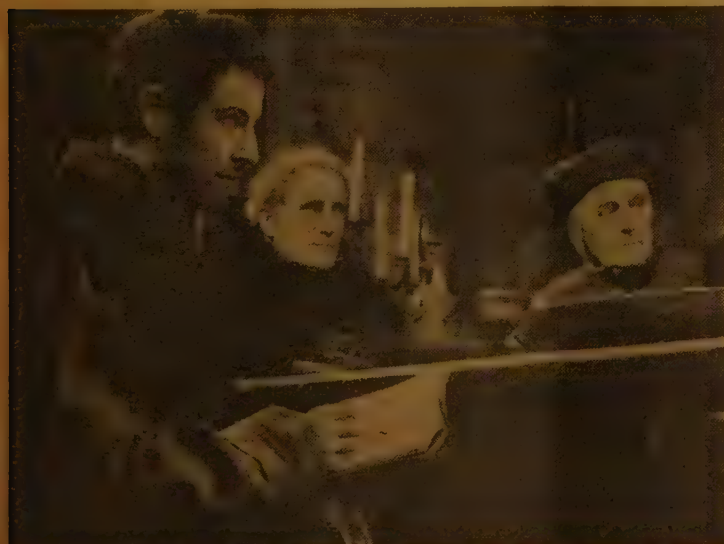
Two plays complete a full week's viewing. *The Eye of Allah* (December 21) was not the most characteristic of Rudyard Kipling's work, nor does it really possess a startlingly original idea. As a television play it remained far too static, and its arguments for and against religious dogmatism and its refusal to countenance the possibility of scientific progress never reached even the most superficial levels of discussion. Ideally this would seem a radio play, but again an authentic setting, by the producer, Mr. Hal Burton, was a frame within which the acting of Mr. Joseph O'Connor as the Abbot, Mr. Henry Oscar as Roger of Salerno, and Mr. John Westbrook's



The Adventures of Alice: Gillian Ferguson as Alice and Ernest Milton as the Mad Hatter



A scene at the old Hoxton Music Hall in *Tuppence in the Gods*, with Vivienne Martin (left) as Fanny Marryot, Frederick Bartman as Walter Murray, and Patsy Rowlands as Daisy Peacock



The Eye of Allah, with John Westbrook (left) as John of Burgos, Joseph O'Connor as Stephen de Sautre, Abbot of St. Illods, and Henry Oscar (right) as Roger of Salerno

performers and the dangers to them all that the advent of the bioscope held, possessed a truth at least to theatrical life. The performers all seized every opportunity to fall into the spirit of the affair, and especially in key were Miss Patsy Rowlands's peer-marrying comedy star, Miss Fay Compton's old proprietress, and Mr. Frederick Bartman's agent, torn between a belief in progress and a passionate love for the Hoxton.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, JNR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Jacobean Ignorance

'MANY PEOPLE have suggested that every book ought to be reviewed as if it were published for the first time, even if it be Aesop's *Fables* or the *Odyssey*'. Thus Mr. G. K. Chesterton who then proceeded to demonstrate the principle with: 'By this work Mr.

Homer has hardly added to his reputation'. And so, beautifully, on. Alas, even a critic's mind cannot be a *tabula rasa*; we are aware of Mr. Homer's reputation and it could be argued that we ought to be.

The problem of previous knowledge or ignorance comes up often in radio where the revival of masterpieces and the adaptation of novels are, quite properly, common. Sometimes I am handicapped by knowing too much about the original of a play, more often by knowing too little. It helps to be told something of rare, ancient, or exotic works to set one's mind in place and period.

I was recalled to these considerations by the comments on *The Spoils of Poynton* after Henry James (Third Programme, December 21) made by a contemporary in a Sabbath sheet. He thought that Mr. James was on the side of the monstrous furniture-worshipping mother, Mrs. Gereth (Gladys Young), knowing no doubt the fascination which great houses had for the novelist, but forgetting his remarks about the bitch goddess, and the humane morality which set limits to his aestheticism. It seemed to me that Gladys Young excelled herself

John of Burgos became convincingly able to give life to their parts as the embodiment of the Church, the protagonist for scientific advancement, and the pragmatic artist, unswayed by material considerations.

Tuppence in the Gods on Christmas evening gathered us all into a warm-hearted remembrance of the good old days of the good old music-hall with its good old troupers and their good old hearts of gold. Mr. Michael Voysey's attitude, however, was genuine, you felt, if as overpowering as the smell of size. His reconstruction of the Hoxton Music Hall at the turn of the century and of the people who lived on it and for it, the patrons, the full-blooded

in this portrayal of an abominable matriarch whose exquisite taste and genuine charm were negligible when weighed against the consequences of having great possessions. I took it that Mr. James was perfectly conscious that his story could be taken as a parable teaching the undesirability of the furniture of the fathers and mothers being visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation. But then, apart from this radio play, I was aware of Mr. James's reputation for being perfectly conscious.

Incidentally, I presume that any reader of these columns will realize that the words 'Gladys Young excelled herself' are strong words bordering on hyperbole. It was a finely cast and acted production. Owen Gereth (Ronald Wilson) contrived to sound foolish, honourable, and handsome. Clare Austin as Miss Vetch moved believably through the labyrinth of loving beauty in furniture and fools, being poor and tempted, and recognizing both the distinction and the vice of the flattering 'Queen Mother' who wanted her as daughter-in-law and museum curator. Mary Wimbush was a sound hoyden and Mary O'Farrell an excellently embattled marrying mum. The catastrophe of the fire and all the final suffering were not memorable, being violent and large events—which are not Mr. James's forte. But the whole thing could keep a sociological historian busy for years, and was good listening. For which, praise is deserved by the adapter and producer, Mary Hope Allen.

The First Family by Jules Supervielle, translated by Patric Dickinson (Third Programme, Christmas Day), was a modern morality play with pious slapstick. Medieval persons could be familiarly ribald about Noah and other Old Testament characters and the French still manage it. It always sounds odd in English—doubtless because of Cromwell, Milton, Wesley, the Prince Consort, and the Lord Chamberlain—but this was a cheering panto. Adam (Godfrey Quigley) was a very dirty, very old man; and one would not have put anything past Eve (June Tobin). Medicine itself was freely mocked in an un-English way through the Doctor (Robert Eddison), and Youth via Brian Phelan. The radiophonic noises went on too long. But this should be tried on the Light next time.

Also of French origin was *The Happy Marriage* by John Clements (Home Service, Boxing Day). It would be nice to have Freudians parading with posters saying 'Unfair to Psychoanalysts', but it might be difficult to organize, as it is not clear whether they should march outside Broadcasting House or somewhere in Paris. Anyhow Kay Hammond was admirably irrational and saucily married as Helen Mansell-Smith, and Mary Wimbush a menacing, competitive besom as Audrey Foster. John Clements played his own victim-husband almost as if he wasn't a strictly French conception; and I liked John Bryning as the dumb chum who wishes to play the game even to the point of flirting with his best friend's wife, but can be pushed so far but no further. A lot of the best jokes remained theatre rather than radio, but I suppose it cannot be helped.

Any Other Business, by George Ross and Campbell Singer (Home Service, Christmas Eve), was above 'Saturday Night Theatre's' normal standard and highly creditable to the Birmingham Alexandra Theatre Repertory Company. It suggested that take-over bids may be foiled and turn out well in the end, which seems to me economically and politically naïve; but then you can't hope to get on to the Home Service with an unhappy ending, can you? Besides, plenty of credible wickedness got into the plot, as it should in any fictional account of big business; and it was Luck and Love—rather than the establishment or even the shadow establishment or its shade—which triumphed in the end.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Not What It Was

IT IS NO USE PRETENDING. The radio Christmas is not what it was. We have heard enough stars over Christmas week to fill an autograph album of folio dimensions; we have heard pantomimes and carols and music of various kinds by candle-light. Dylan Thomas has appeared in 'Monday Night at Home', and Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery has even turned disc-jockey for the occasion. But the radio-Christmas is still not what it was. We haven't had our lunch-time Commonwealth hook-up on Christmas Day.

It is true that we heard the Queen at nine o'clock. But (as Dame Irene Ward suggested in the Commons) it would have been widely welcomed if we had heard the Royal message at three. Besides, the message needed its introduction: Sir Vivian Fuchs (to go with the turkey), Queen Salote (the Christmas pudding), and a lighthouse-keeper off Cornwall for the mincepies. I suppose that, like the nine o'clock news, the lunch-time Commonwealth hook-up has gone for good; but it was a good tradition on a traditional day. And the rather dreamy substitute programme at ten past ten at night reminded me, and doubtless many others, how much part of Christmas it was.

If Christmas Day had a strange new look, there were still a good many entertaining broadcasts in the critic's stocking. Ted Hughes's 'The Harvesting' (Third Programme, December 17) was a strong, compact, original short story, though it did suggest that an author may not always be the best person to read his own work.

There were two additions, one of them satisfying, to that radio *Who's Who*, the series 'Frankly Speaking'. On December 18 (Home Service), Dr. Leslie Weatherhead, Minister Emeritus of the City Temple, talked to Anne Sharpley and a consultant psychiatrist. He emphasized the connexion between psychology and religion, and gave us the likeness of a sane, outspoken father-figure, refreshingly modest about his personal achievements. Mr. Chuter Ede, Nonconformist, teetotaler, ex-Home Secretary, was limply questioned (on the Home Service, December 21). It was, I thought, a great pity that he did not say more on capital punishment, and rather less, for example, on his attitude to racing. As it was, the interview, with its stumbling questions and its pauses confirmed how rare the John Freeman *genus* is; and Mr. Ede revealed himself (in the Wodehouse phrase) 'if not disgruntled, at least not positively grunted'.

A more agreeable V.I.P. gave the Tuesday Talk (Home Service, December 20). Sir Frank Adcock, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, recalled the college of fifty years ago, in a leisurely reminiscence of the days when Rupert Brooke was a promising inside three-quarter. Save for the names, it might have been a vignette of Cambridge at any time in the last hundred years. Quiet and unchanging flows the Cam.

In 'The Corrupted Feast' (Third Programme, Boxing Day), Mr. Ian Fletcher took us back still further than Sir Frank, and tried to show that the eighteen-nineties were not a dead-end in literature. We heard about the dandy tradition of the self as ikon, the generation of Hamlets, the 'having fun with evil that Mr. Eliot finds so characteristic of the Nineties'. The programme could have fascinated, it could have proved a thesis, but it did neither. As far as I heard, G.B.S. and Morris were not mentioned; and little was said about Kipling and Wells. Perhaps some listeners were consoled by hearing Theodore Julius Marzials ('a difficult poet to quote') and Amy Levy; but personally I found the miscellany much too esoteric and lopsided, and (it took forty-five minutes) much too long.

The most Christmas-like programme of the

week, in a rumbustious way, was Bud Flanagan's torrent of reminiscences (Home Service, Boxing Day). His autobiography flowed as freely as the brandy over the pudding, and it was just as warming. I have sometimes found comedians (Stanley Holloway, for instance) disappointingly flat when they talked of themselves; but there was nothing flat about this Crazy Gangster. He has played many parts in his sixty-odd years: newspaper-vendor, soldier, London taxi-driver. He has crossed North America as a stowaway on a train. He has grabbed every chance with gusto and, it seems, enjoyed them all; and now, in what is said to be his last Crazy Gang show, he remains young in heart. His one-man act on Boxing Day lasted nearly an hour, and his memories hardly brought him, even then, to the London Palladium and the Victoria Palace. There was enough there for a book, but it was too saying-what-comes-naturally for print. Besides, only Bud Flanagan, *in propria persona*, could have got it across the footlights quite like that.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC



Finished Symphony

WHAT WOULD GUSTAV MAHLER'S Tenth Symphony have been like had he lived to complete it, and how would it have affected our final estimate of the composer? The B.B.C., which has paid a handsome tribute to Mahler in this centenary year of his birth by broadcasting all his major works, completed the cycle last week by allowing us to hear (Third Programme, December 19) a version of the Tenth Symphony reconstructed from the composer's manuscript sketches by Mr. Deryck Cooke. Mr. Cooke has performed this delicate and exacting task with the greatest skill and discretion.

Introducing the work before it was performed by the Philharmonia Orchestra, conducted by Berthold Goldschmidt, Mr. Cooke gave a lucid account of the way in which he allowed himself to be guided by the composer's indications on the score; but readers interested in the subject will no doubt have read his article published in these columns a fortnight ago explaining the problems which confronted him. Listening to the broadcast, I was impressed by the apparent skill with which the reconstruction has been carried out, but not altogether convinced that the symphony would have been the masterpiece that Mahlerians would like us to believe. Admittedly the opening *Adagio* is a noble piece of music, but there were some very over-luscious and cloying passages towards the end of the *Finale* which recalled some of the worst excesses of Richard Strauss in, for example, *Tod und Verklärung*. I did not find the *Purgatorio* section impressive, and much preferred the first *Scherzo* which, after the *Adagio*, seemed to be the best movement.

The Thursday Invitation Concert (the last for this year, Third Programme, December 22) was mainly choral (Britten's *Missa Brevis*, *Three Motets* by Schütz, and works by Lassus and Byrd), but the programme also included first performances in this country of works by Dallapiccola and Schönberg for chamber orchestra and (in the Dallapiccola) soprano solo. In these the Wigmore Ensemble was conducted by Frederick Prausnitz, and Dorothy Dorow sang Dallapiccola's *Five Fragments by Sappho* and the solo part in his *Christmas Eve Concerto* (*Concerto per la notte di Natale*). The *Five Fragments*, in which the accompaniment is scored with the greatest delicacy for strings, wind, celesta and piano, are Dallapiccola at his best, and in comparison with these exquisite miniatures I thought the *Concerto* sounded laboured and too self-consciously contrived.

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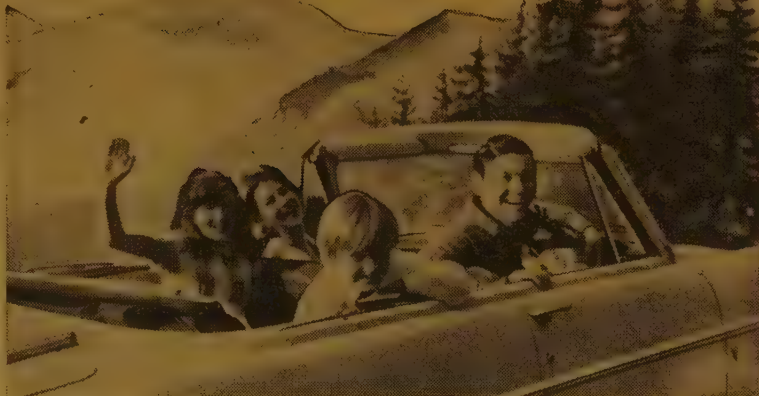
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It was given a second performance after the interval; but while this practice is to be commended in certain cases, I did not feel on this occasion that such a course was really justified and might even have induced some listeners to switch off. Dorothy Dorow sang the difficult music with her usual aplomb and perfect control, coping with the intricacies and sometimes awkward intervals of the vocal line (especially in the *Concerto*) with effortless ease. It would perhaps have been more to the point if we had been allowed to hear a repeat of the *Three Little Pieces* for chamber orchestra by Schönberg as they at least had the merit of being brief—one of them is only a few bars long—while at the same time full enough of intriguing complexities of timbre and texture to justify their repetition. Considering their early date—1910—they are an

interesting indication of the lines on which Schönberg's mind was already working before he had evolved his later and characteristic style. They bear no title, and as he left them as unfinished fragments, we can only conjecture what he intended them to be.

There were no very outstanding specifically 'Christmas' programmes, though one could listen with pleasure, as in every year, to the Carols from King's College, Cambridge (Home Service, December 24); and there was a broadcast of Parts 1 and 2 of Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* performed by the Hampstead Choral Society, with the English Chamber Orchestra, conducted by Martindale Sidwell (Third Programme, December 24) and 'Music by Candlelight' from All Souls, Langham Place, played by the B.B.C. Concert Orchestra under John

Hollingsworth, also on Christmas Eve (Light Programme). But a really festive note was struck in the Christmas week by the broadcast from Sadler's Wells of their revival, in an excellent new English version by Christopher Hassall, of the ever delightful *Fledermaus* by Johann Strauss (Home Service, December 23). Michael Moores was conducting a very lively performance, and there was some first-class singing from Victoria Elliott as Rosalinda, Margaret Nisbett as Adele, Anna Pollak as Prince Orlofsky, and Jon Weaving as Gabriel, to mention only a few names from an excellent cast. The orchestra, though not always, perhaps, 100 per cent. Viennese in its rhythm and accentuation, gave a creditable account of the sparkling score, which somehow never grows old.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Cornelius and his 'Barber'

By HAROLD TRUSCOTT

'The Barber of Baghdad' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 6.35 p.m. on Sunday, January 1

'I PARTICULARLY LIKE to be with Cornelius and Tausig, who achieve more with their little finger than other musicians with the whole head and all their fingers'. This was Brahms, writing soon after he settled in Vienna in the early eighties. He was never one to praise lightly, and this is high praise indeed, although we may be surprised to find Tausig included. So far as Cornelius and his work are concerned, Brahms's praise is understandable. Cornelius scarcely ever puts a finger wrong, and I know of no instance in his work where his taste can be questioned for a moment. In so far as his music allows it to show, he is a romantic with a firm classical basis. Since this is what Brahms himself was, the sympathy between the two is comprehensible. But Cornelius was an avowed adherent of the Weimar or New German school, with which Brahms had dallied and which he had soon rejected. The majority of the Weimar leading lights, under Liszt, were romantics without a particularly firm basis of any kind, least of all classical. Perhaps the explanation of this confusion may be found in this sobering thought: that Schönberg, a leading representative of one new school of our own time, found the reactionary classic-romantic Brahms to be 'Brahms the Progressive'. And so it always is. The reactionary is eventually the real forward-moving force, for the future, that which lasts, is always formed of a union of past and present.

Born at Mainz in 1824, Peter Cornelius—of whom another equally endearing composer, Carl Goldmark, said: 'And who could come into contact with Peter Cornelius without at once loving him? Nor could one escape being instantly captivated by his childlike simplicity and depth of feeling, his loyal warm-hearted nature, and his highly cultured, enlightened intellect'—was a true son of the romantic era of the nineteenth century in that he was equally poet as well as musician; in fact, he knew literature before he knew music. His attachment to the Weimar school and his subsequent enthusiastic support of Wagner (whose character he criticized very outspokenly) were the outcome of the general desire for new things and to be in the vanguard of contemporary thought which infects all experimental periods in any art. He wrote effective articles in support of this breaking with 'tradition' (it is always called tradition but is in reality convention) in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, Schumann's old journal, no doubt to the posthumous disgust of

its first editor; yet in his music, including the work designed to demonstrate practically these new ideals, the opera, *Der Barbier von Baghdad*, there is scarcely a trace of anything which is not firmly classical in its origin. And this so often happens: theory and practice at loggerheads. The practice is more sure of itself and its roots than the theory which projects it.

Cornelius's published music is all vocal music of one kind or another; a large body of solo songs, a quantity of choral music, and three operas, the last of these unfinished. His songs are among the greatest things of their kind ever written, with few exceptions. He set poems by a number of romantic poets, but the majority are to his own words. His harmonies are simple, far more so as a rule than was common with the romantic song writers, but are always the stronger in their effect for this simplicity. Two only are well known in England: *Ein Ton*, which has far more to recommend it than its unusual technical feature of the single-note voice part, and *Die Könige*, from his *Weihnachtslieder*, with its recitative-like vocal part and the chorale which accompanies it. Another facet of his songs which makes the classical foundation of his music very clear is his fondness for imaginatively conceived strophic songs. Taken as a whole, his solo songs cover a wide range of feeling and expression, and match themselves very well with those of Schumann and Brahms, while being quite independent.

Of his choral music the bulk is first-rate, but especially the three songs of Op. 11 are wonderfully evocative, easily ranking with Brahms's motets and the *Fest- und Gedenksprüche*, Op. 109. Cornelius's feeling for the eight-part or double choir is unerring, and his subtle setting of Heine's *Der Tod, das ist die kühle Nacht* should be known beside Brahms's much better known setting for a single voice, as an example of an equally valid but completely independent realization of the same poem. Another thing which constitutes a real and living link with the past is that all his choral music is conceived *a capella*; not a line is intended to be accompanied.

The picture which thus emerges is of a serious-minded man, whose best known work is a comic opera with reservations. Undoubtedly the story of the garrulous barber whose aid is enlisted to make smooth the path of true love would have been much more uproarious than Cornelius has made it if, for instance, Rossini had set it. But then, Rossini's *Barber*, immensely

funny though it is, is a theatrical farce, and a very good thing. Opera is theatrical, by its nature. But it is the theatrical side of his comedy that Cornelius has soft-pedalled, and this may be the reason for its failure at its first and only performance during his lifetime, under Liszt at Weimar in 1858. Cornelius, in other words, has not excluded the comedy, which at times is as uproarious as one could wish, but he has not concentrated on it; if Rossini had written it, it is these moments which would stay in the memory. In Cornelius's opera they are blotted out by whole stretches of sheer depth of beauty which haunt one. Liszt, on the other hand, thought it too comic, and persuaded Cornelius at least to substitute for his original overture another. The original, in B minor, has practically no reference to the music of the opera, but it is a perfectly built movement as perfectly introducing the prevailing serio-comic mood of the opera. The substitute, in D major, is little better than a pot-pourri of themes from the opera, into which Cornelius has attempted to infuse some structural life, but obviously not with his heart in the work. Later, Felix Mottl took a hand, re-orchestrated the opera and made extensive cuts, obliterating a great deal of Cornelius's carefully thought-out form throughout the opera as a whole. Various attempts have been made to reinstate the composer's original version, and it is this which will be broadcast, still, unfortunately, with some of Mottl's cuts.

The *Barber* is, in fact, a serious comedy; it is comedy of character rather than situation and in the sense that it is not a tragedy, and it is the perfect vehicle for Cornelius's thought on a large scale. Ernest Newman rightly called the Muezzin music of the Second Act one of the greatest things in all opera, but if I wanted to pick one short example to illustrate Cornelius's genius in a nutshell, it would be the Barber's first aria, in the fifth scene. Cornelius's classic-romantic gift is shown here at its best; it comes to the fore in an exquisite delineation of character, with the foursquare little lyrical phrase of which the whole aria is made, carried from harmony to harmony in an effortless summing-up of its singer as an unconscious comedian, loquacious and serious. The whole thing, executed with such mastery in so few bars, is heightened by the mocking of the wind interjections at the end of each phrase, and the most classical thing about it is the economy with which it is conveyed. Seldom has a falling fifth been made to yield so much.



A Visit to Rumania

(concluded from page 1171)

I came away with a mangled hand—the hand-grip is their vanity. Apollo, aged twenty-five, was with me. Dr. Aslan told him old age begins when you are born and that injections of procaine would do him good. Giving me a sharp look she said I would recover an optimistic outlook on life and improve my memory. One feels younger after listening to Dr. Aslan. Perhaps she is a splendid Rumanian sorceress, reborn in science.

I drove a hundred miles from Bucharest into the superb mountain scenery of the Carpathians. One is astonished by the beauty of the women which comes from the lucky mixture of Mediterranean and Slavonic types; the dark-haired, white-skinned Italian women, the full, fair-haired and blue-eyed Slavonic girls who have lost the hardness of the Slav and are soft and southern. Rumania has the southern ease and, I have no doubt, the profound southern respect for custom. Two small and contrasting incidents stick in my mind. The Rumanians have not driven off the beggars. I saw many. Some bent or ragged old woman or man would come into a café and murmur at every table. In the old tradition of Latin charity every customer went

to some trouble to dig a note or a coin out of his pocket for them. The beggars were never refused, nor did they harry, whine, or explain. Both parties knew their immemorial roles and with lazy impersonality stuck to the ritual. Rumanian communism is an improvement on Franco's fascism in this respect; unlike the Spaniards, the Rumanians have not carted the beggars out of the capitals so that visitors shall not see them.

But where there is lazy convention, there is also bound to be tyranny. The other incident is not flattering to the Rumanian state in its present obdurate frame of mind. When I was leaving Bucharest my bag was, of course, opened by the Customs. On top of my things was a letter I had received from my wife. The Customs officer pounced on it.

'What is this?' he said. 'You can't take this out of the country'.

'Why not?'

'It is forbidden to take correspondence abroad'.

Apollo helped me out and the officer shrugged his shoulders dubiously and let the matter go.

'You see', Apollo said, 'he thought you had

written the letter. Some Rumanians try to get their letters posted abroad, in order to save money on the postage. It is cheating the Post Office and we have to stop it'. This farcical lie was blandly spoken. When I said the motive was obviously political, he swore that it was not. Apollo had always been bland and impenetrable. What he discreetly did not tell me was that letters sent abroad have to be taken personally by the writer to the Post Office and handed in—at any rate until recently—unsealed.

Apollo was continually hopping off to check up on something at the airport, perhaps to report my departure, more probably to see what new girls had turned up. With his eye on the future, his hopeful contacts, the cosy flat he had got from a friend, Apollo clearly kept in with the good things of life.

'Now', he said to me in a bored, sarcastic voice as I got on the international aeroplane, 'now you will be able to read your Western newspapers'.

One more boring Western visitor was going. Dutiful to the end, Apollo stayed and waved and waved. He even smiled. He had a blonde with him, a real beauty.—*Third Programme*

Bridge Forum

Answers to Listeners' Questions—X

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



In the present series on Network Three, bridge questions submitted by listeners are answered by a panel. Throughout the series Harold Franklin and Terence Reese will answer in this column some of the questions not included in the radio programmes

Question 1 (from L. M. Gottlieb, Cape Town): As dealer I opened One Diamond on the following hand:

♠ — ♥ 10 9 6 4 2 ♦ A K Q 6 4 ♣ Q J 5

I showed the hearts later and we finished in Four Hearts. But the point is: what is the right opening—One Heart or One Diamond?

Answer: In general, One Heart. You can expect to bid both suits, and if you bid diamonds before hearts partner will assume that your diamonds are longer. The fact that you have the tops in diamonds is not important—if partner has three cards of each suit the hand will play, if anything, better in hearts than diamonds.

It is only if you were third in hand, after two passes, that there would be something to be said for bidding diamonds in order to show a good lead should your side be on the defence.

Question 2 (from G. Abrahams, Liverpool): You answered a question of mine recently concerning the card that the leader's partner should play back when returning the suit led. You said, from K 7 2 the 7, from K 7 4 2 the 2. I realize the advantage of that at No Trumps, but does the same convention exist in a suit contract?

Answer: Yes, in principle, though such conventions to show length are less important in suit contracts than in No Trumps. Compare the example below, where the strictly conventional play would have been the fourth best club, not the 8.

Question 3 (also from L. M. Gottlieb): The defence on the following hand led to a great argument. South was declarer and these were the hands of North and East:

NORTH
♠ K Q J x x
♥ x
♦ Q x x
♣ J 10 6 4

♥ 5 led

EAST
♠ A x
♥ A K J
♦ x x x
♣ 8 7 5 3 2

The bidding had gone as follows:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1D	No	1S	No
2D	No	2S	No
2NT	No	3D	No
5D	—	—	—

East won the heart lead and made the natural switch to a club. Which club should he have led—the 8 or a low one?

Answer: In most situations fourth best is correct, but here the important thing is to show

partner that you have no high honour in clubs. It is easy to guess what happened and what led to the argument. East probably led the 3, declarer played the King from K Q, and West returned a club instead of a spade. This would have been avoided had East returned the 8.

Question 4 (from F. C. Kay, London, W.I.): My partner and I were on the way to bidding a slam recently, and I had bid a Blackwood Four No Trumps, but a defender over-called before partner could make his response. Nobody at the table seemed to know whether there was any way of managing that situation.

Answer: Advanced 'Blackwooders' have a conventional method. In the *Bridge Player's Dictionary* this is described as follows:

The responder to Blackwood is not compelled to show his aces if the opponents make a bid over Four No Trumps, but he may do so if he wishes. In that event, he responds by steps starting from the opponent's bid. For example:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1H	4D	4H	No
4NT	5D	?	

If North bid Five Hearts, that would promise one ace. Five spades would promise two aces, and so on. A pass would mean either that North had no ace or that he was not prepared to show one. A double by North would be a penalty double.

Ringling the Changes with Apples

By MOLLY WEIR



THE GLUT OF APPLES this year has left some of us puzzled how best to use them up. These recipes may help to ring the changes.

Apple Pancakes:

- 2 cooking apples
- 2 eggs
- 2 tablespoons of sugar
- 2 tablespoons of flour
- Juice of $\frac{1}{2}$ a lemon

Cream the sugar and the egg yolks together until light and creamy. Peel the apples, grate or chop them finely, sprinkle with lemon juice to stop discoloration, and add them to the egg mixture. Sift in the flour and mix all thoroughly together. Stir in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Make an omelet pan hot, grease it with melted lard, and pour in enough of the mixture to form a pancake. Cook for a few minutes until set and browned, then turn over and cook the other side. Slip on to a sugared paper, sprinkle with more sugar, and keep hot until all are cooked.

Cornish Apple and Spice Pie:

- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of short pastry
- 1 lb. of cooking apples
- 4 oz. of sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of currants
- 1 heaped teaspoon of mixed spice
- 1 oz. of lemon peel

Roll out half the pastry and line a greased

tin with it. Cut up the apples and spread over the pastry. Cover with sugar, add the currants, spice, and finely chopped peel. Roll out the other piece of pastry and place on top. Press the edges of the two pastries together, having moistened the under pastry with cold water at the edge. Crimp with a fork. Bake in a moderate oven until golden brown (about 40 to 45 minutes).

Apple Cake:

This can be eaten cold as a cake or served hot with custard as a sweet.

- 3 or 4 large cooking apples
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of butter or margarine
- $2\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of sugar
- 2 eggs
- 5 oz. of plain flour
- 1 level teaspoon of baking powder
- 2 level teaspoons of sugar, mixed with 1 level teaspoon of cinnamon
- A little milk

Peel and slice the apples, and put into a bowl of cold salted water to stop them discolouring. Cream the fat and sugar until light and fluffy, then beat in the eggs, one at a time, making a light soft mixture. When thoroughly beaten, add the sifted flour and baking powder gradually, but do not beat again. If the mixture is too stiff add a little milk to get a soft dropping consistency. Spread the mixture on a square or oblong

greased baking tin. Rinse apple slices under the tap to get rid of the salt, and lay in neat slices over the top to give an attractive appearance. Sprinkle with the cinnamon-sugar mixture and bake in a moderately hot oven (400° F. or 215° C.) for 20 to 25 minutes. Let it cool in the tin, and cut into squares to serve.

Notes on Contributors

- MAURICE SHOCK (page 1167): Lecturer in Politics, Oxford University
 V. S. PRITCHETT (page 1169): recently visited several countries in eastern Europe; author of *The Spanish Temper*, etc.
 JOEL HURSTFIELD (page 1177): Professor of Modern History, London University; author of *The Queen's Wards, Elizabeth I and the Unity of England*, etc.
 EDWARD WARD (page 1179): journalist; former B.B.C. war correspondent; author of *The New El Dorado: Venezuela*, etc.
 NIKOLAUS PEVSNER, C.B.E. (page 1182): Professor of the History of Art, Birkbeck College, London University; author of *An Outline of European Architecture*, etc.
 ALEX COMFORT (page 1183): Honorary Research Associate in Zoology and Comparative Anatomy, London University; author of *The Biology of Senescence*, etc.
 RICHARD HOGGART (page 1185): Senior Lecturer in English, Leicester University; author of *The Uses of Literacy*, etc.
 GLYN DANIEL (page 1200): Lecturer in Archaeology, Cambridge University; author of *Lascaux and Carnac*, etc.

Crossword No. 1,596.

Treble Chance.

By Simmo

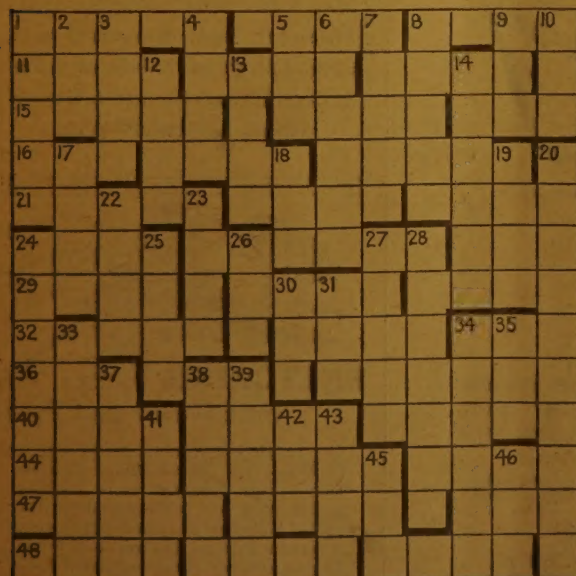
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, January 5. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crossword the Editor's decision is final

Each across clue leads to a word the letters of which go to form the appropriate row of three horizontal lights (the latter are words to be found in *Chambers's Dictionary*, 1959). The down clues are normal.

CLUES—ACROSS

1. Roman rite resembling a feast and at it must recline imaginary gods (13)



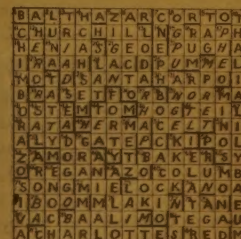
11. A record round by the sculptor—good words come to him readily (12)
15. Having a thousand planes old South American surroundings disorderly tribe (12)
16. Where to get a drink, very costly; odd, 'Bottoms up' in Glasgow! (12)
21. By taking tips to enter in variety certain individuals become stars (13)
24. Imaginary beings likewise have a foot with an odd number of toes (13)
29. To measure cloudiness three men go around with a pole (12)
32. Having thrice to pay the rotten rates is an indication to shift (12)
36. The hazard is to stop irritation before getting worked up as of old (12)
40. Times change—it's wrong at heart to burn poets and musicians (13)
44. Poise has to be allied to energies for continent-building (13)
47. The various things we digest. Here's a sort of fish and chip hotch-potch wrapped in paper (12)
48. How one goes downhill—change gear deftly, using eyes whilst removing foot (12)

DOWN

1. The local governor is an extraordinary queer fish (5)
2. Eaten in Japan, but not enough for the system to wrestle with (3)
3. English? Good God! That's reaction to learning in the north (4)
4. The nicety of a musical stroke (4)
5. How the toper mutters is a liberty—the end of Scotch! (3)
6. Chars model ermines—and greatly admired, too (6)
7. On public offices this Roman magistrate kept an eye with unusual restraint (5)
8. Under the caves in Scotland they snore outrageously (5)
9. How the eyes turn when a woman is so described! (3)
10. A short distance from Leatherhead (3)
12. Rocky layers distort part of the earth's shell (4)
13. A basket made of wicker and rush (4)
14. Where members of a race were crushed together without hesitation (6)
17. The shaking of coins will tend to irritate (4)
18. Being colloquially downright works wonderfully (3)
19. Tree that gives a poor sort of cover (4)

20. One who can possibly start English strain (10)
22. The Englishman returns as a celebrity (4)
23. To cook the books provides an unsatisfactory diet (4)
24. Getting somewhat chilly after a hectic walk will cause sneezing (7)
25. The road to take after you for the land of the Scots (4)
26. There's little to choose between a round and a pint or two (3)
27. To take possession when the tenant loses his head (5)
28. Wine gives a negative sort of shine (7)
30. At the end of a race one has to extend one's self (3)
31. To set up a trick is wanton (3)
33. Thoughtlessly the girl falls in the lake (6)
34. Capable of being stretched, beheaded, or put in a pit (6)
35. Early bird? Up at all times! (3)
37. 'To buried'—raise the tardy bust' (5)
38. Set on and walked, spurning the railway (5)
39. Seen in retrospect love is completed by a blessed event (5)
41. A guardian of the inner earth, it is said, was the province of ancient Egypt (4)
42. Call on an inaudible prayer—the cathode-ray tube has gone (3)
43. Cleopatra's transcendent beauty had a setback for Caesar (4)
45. A girl of ten is not uninteresting (3)
46. A leg spinner gives away boundaries (3)

Solution of No. 1,594



NOTES

Across: 7. Casals, Thibaud, Cortot: famous musical trio. 27. Kolpia, Moi, Basut: Phoenician's 'Divine Three'. 36. Hi, Ouel, Kil: Chinese divine trinity. 38. Volante, Zamora, Juliana: The daughters of Balthazar. 39. Guenever, Enid, Tegau: The three beauties.
 Down: 2. Diana, Hecate, Luna: trivia of Diana. 7. Eicton, Phtha, Cneph: Egyptian divine trinity. 13. Odin, Haenir, Loda: Scandinavian divine trinity. 47. Pelorus, Lilybaeum, Pachynus: Trinacria (Sicily). 70. Nous, Psuche, Monad: Pythagoras's divine trinity. 71. Brahma, Vishnu, Siva: the Brahmins.

1st prize: L. T. Whitaker (Bournemouth); 2nd prize: R. C. Payn (Saltcoats); 3rd prize: E. A. Side (Orpington).

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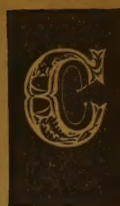
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